

The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1913.

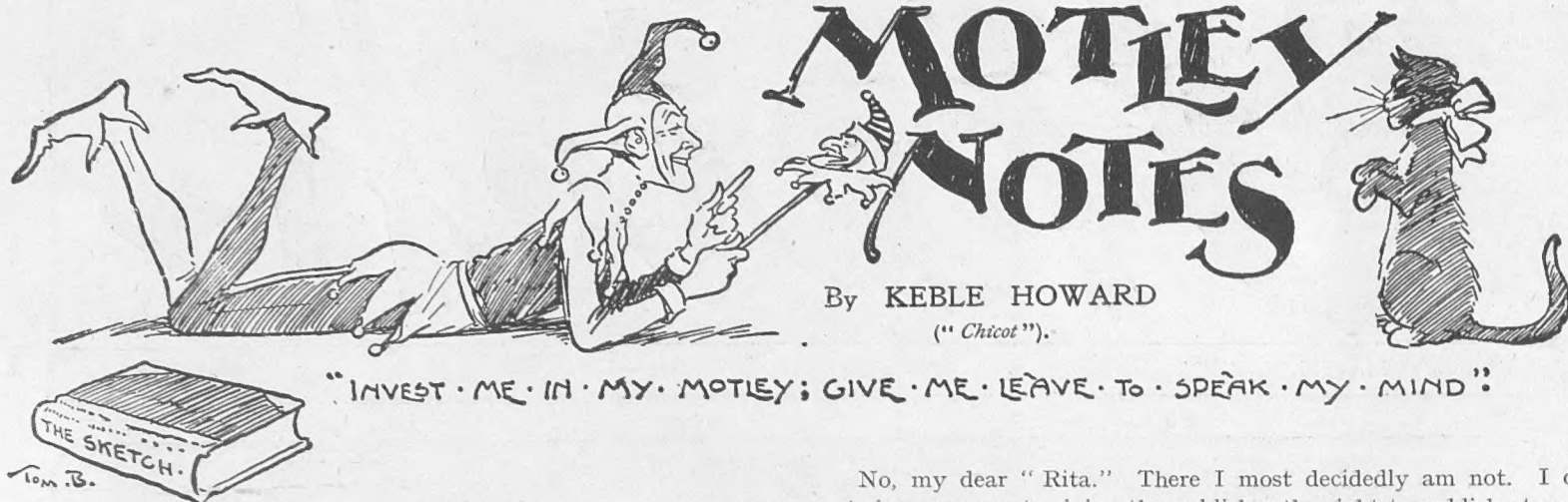
SIXPENCE.



TO BE MARRIED ON SATURDAY NEXT: THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S ONLY DAUGHTER, PRINCESS VICTORIA LOUISE OF PRUSSIA,
AND PRINCE ERNEST AUGUSTUS OF BRUNSWICK LUNEBURG, ONLY SURVIVING SON OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

The wedding of the Kaiser's daughter takes place in Berlin on Saturday next, May 24, and it was arranged that the King and Queen should leave London for Germany on Monday evening last. Princess Victoria Louise was born on Sept. 13, 1892; Prince Ernest of Brunswick Luneburg, on Nov. 17, 1887. It is interesting to recall that King George gave his official consent to the marriage, the Royal Marriage Act of 1772 laying it down that no descendants of King George II., unless of foreign birth, can marry under the age of twenty-five without the sanction of the Sovereign. Prince Ernest is, of course, a descendant of George II., and is a British Prince.

Photograph by Voigt.



The Militant "Rita."

When rogues fall out, honest men come by their own. When literary and theatrical folk fall out, the general public get interesting little glimpses behind the scenes.

The latest person to enlighten them is "Rita." She is cross with her publisher (or one of her publishers—I haven't the faintest idea of the gentleman's name) because he will interleave the pages of the sixpenny editions of her novels with advertisements. The popular authoress wrote an indignant letter to a Sunday paper on the subject, and I, deeming the matter to be of interest to the huge public that buys sixpenny editions of novels, commented on the letter. I think I pointed out to "Rita," in a gentle, persuasive way, that people who get a novel for sixpence—or, rather, fourpence-halfpenny—cannot expect such a flawless copy of the book as those who pay four-and-sixpence. I also pointed out that the publisher needed the advertisements to enable him to print and publish at sixpence at all. Finally, I just hinted that no author is compelled to let his books be published at sixpence.

Well, friend the reader, these rash comments have brought me a fine trouncing from "Rita," which she begs me to publish. She says—

"I will deal with your three queries in rotation. You say, first, that a publisher 'could not afford to issue a book at sixpence without the help of the advertisements.' You seem to forget that the sixpenny edition is not an original one, but a reprint of a book whose popularity guarantees a large sale. There is no risk in the matter, and if the publisher wants advertisements he could print them at the end of the book, or as loose interleaves which an exasperated reader could throw aside."

The Tiny Fallacy.

Let me show you the one weak spot in this slashing argument. You will find it in the words, "There is no risk in the matter." Goodness knows, I hold no brief for publishers, who are very well able to take care of themselves. I am all for the author, whose joys I know, whose sorrows I know, whose labours I know, whose ambitions I know, and whose disappointments I know. At the same time, with all deference to the popularity of "Rita," I must beg leave to point out that there is risk in every business enterprise. If there was absolutely certain money in publishing sixpenny editions of popular books, then I cannot help thinking that half the world would be dashing after popular authors to secure the sixpenny rights of their successful books. The authors, in the meantime, would keep the rights and publish the sixpenny editions themselves.

"Second," continues "Rita," "as to why 'the purchaser of such an edition should expect immunity from small annoyances.' I have yet to learn that the cheap edition of a well-known book is to be judged by its price instead of its literary merits."

So have I, dear lady. It should and, I think, is judged by its literary merits—not by its price or its interleaved advertisements.

The Third Hit.

"As you are also an author," my correspondent concludes, "you surely know that publishers' agreements are curiously elastic as to expansion or contraction of rights. Therefore, to say that no one can compel me to have my books published in the Sixpenny Edition is absurd. A clause in the agreement (and it is in every publisher's agreement that I have ever seen) gives the rights of publishing at the price he deems fit, such price to be 'at the sole discretion of the publisher.' There you are!"

By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

No, my dear "Rita." There I most decidedly am not. I do not sign agreements giving the publisher the right to publish at such price as he deems fit. I should not think of signing any such agreement. And I would advise you, if I may, to consult, before you sign your next agreement, a mere male author, or a mere male agent, or a mere male lawyer. Your publisher is perfectly within his rights, whoever he may be, but don't forget that you endowed him with those rights. The literary life is hard enough, I admit, but we are not yet put on the rack until we consent to write our names at the bottom of an agreement.

How Authors Get Rich.

This interesting (I hope) little controversy reminds me of a certain journey from London to Manchester. (People are fond of asking authors how they feel when they see somebody reading their own writings. Here is one answer.)

My fellow-travellers were a wealthy-looking, important-looking gentleman and his son. The wealthy-looking gentleman, by an extraordinary chance, had come provided with a sixpenny edition of one of my humble works. It was not a new copy, either. Authors look out for that. It was a well-thumbed copy, with torn covers, and curled, soiled corners.

This wealthy-looking gentleman, being evidently a person of no discernment or taste, read the sixpenny edition of my book all the way from London to Manchester. More than that, he was either amused or acted amusement in a strikingly clever manner. I will not enlarge upon this because—well, friend the reader, you will understand, whilst you, enemy the reader, will misinterpret.

As we neared Manchester, the last page of the book was turned, and the wealthy-looking gentleman handed it across to his son.

"Good?" asked the son.

"Not bad. Worth reading."

"Oh? That's what mother said. I'll read it."

Lightning calculation showed me that each of these people was getting two hours' fun—may I say "fun"?—out of me at the cost of three-halfpence apiece. On every copy of a sixpenny book sold, an author gets three-farthings. So that the father, the mother, and the son paid me a farthing apiece for six hours' fun. It took me six months to write that book.

If there is any moral to this story, it is that novelists are lazy, bloated people, who get grossly overpaid by the public for doing nothing in particular.

A New Poet.

I have discovered a new poet, and that is an important discovery. I do not know his name, but his initials are "W. S. V.," and, so far as I am concerned, his reputation as a poet is broad-based on a little contribution to the *Isis*, called "Gone South Again." I take leave to quote a few verses—

Once more to my old Love
My little sea-going ship;
She is white and slim as a gull
And knows my hand at her helm.

Drop moorings, swing with the ebb
Down river past black buoys
And the gold and purple sands;
Drop down to the rocking sea.

Then there are the gulls
With their sorrowful yarn
Of what goes at sea
When men are well harboured.

To me, every word is precisely right—the selection of a poet.

TO MARRY INTO THE PEERAGE: A FUTURE SOCIETY BRIDE.



ENGAGED TO VISCOUNT COMBERMERE: MISS HAZEL AGNEW.

Miss Hazel Agnew is the younger daughter of the late Henry de Courcey Agnew and of Mrs. Edmund Charrington. Viscount Combermere, the fourth holder of the title, was born in June 1887, and succeeded in 1898. The Viscounty was first created in favour of Sir Stapleton Cotton, who served with great distinction in the Peninsula War, 1791-1814, and at the Siege of Bhurtpore, in 1826, when he was Commander-in-Chief in India and held the positions of Field-Marshal, Constable of the Tower, Lord Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, Gold-Stick-in-Waiting, and Colonel of the 1st Life Guards. He was created Baron Combermere in 1814, and Viscount Combermere of Bhurtpore, East Indies, and of Combermere, County Chester, in 1827.—[Photographs by Lallie Charles.]

ERMINE, SILK, AND STUFF: BAR GOLF PERSONALITIES.



1. SIR KENNETH MUIR-MACKENZIE, K.C. (14).

4. MR. CHARLES TYRRELL GILES, K.C. (10).

7. MR. A. H. POLLEN (7)—IN "SANDALS."

2. MR. A. J. ASHTON, K.C. (16).

5. JUDGE A. MACPHERSON (7).

8. MR. HENRY TERRELL, K.C. (12).

3. SIR KENNETH MUIR-MACKENZIE, K.C. (14).

6. MR. JUSTICE SCRUTTON (13).

9. MR. J. F. TINDAL ATKINSON (+1)—SECRETARY.

The Bar Singles Golf Tournament under handicap began at Rye on Wednesday last.—Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie has been Permanent Principal Secretary to the Lord Chancellor since 1880, and High Bailiff of Westminster since 1912. His daughter Dorothea is the wife of that famous pianist, Mr. Mark Hambourg.—Mr. C. T. Giles, K.C., has been M.P. for the Wisbech Division, and is Chairman of Wimbledon Petty Sessions.—Sir Thomas Edward Scrutton has been a Judge of the King's Bench Division since 1910.—Mr. Henry Terrell, K.C., is the son of the late Judge Terrell. He became M.P. for Gloucester in 1910.—[Photographs by Sport and General and L.N.A.]

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"HAVE ANOTHER!" AT THE N.L.C.: POLO POLITICS: BRITISH AND FRENCH AIR FORCES: THE KING IN KILTS.

A Matter of Custom.

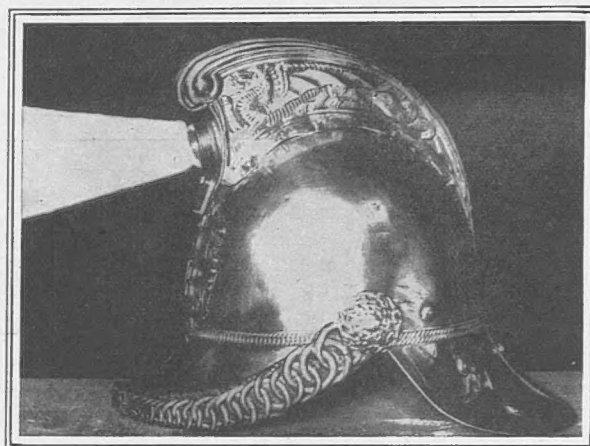
The members of the National Liberal Club, a club which holds a very high position in London political life, can certainly not be grateful to the member who raised the question at the general meeting as to whether members should offer each other liquid refreshment, and who thought that the mystic words "Have another" were too frequently pronounced in the club. Those members of the great club on the Thames Embankment to whom I have talked, and whom I have chaffed on the subject, tell me that the club custom at the National Liberal as to members dispensing hospitality to each other is just the same there as in any other club, and that too much attention has been called to the opinions of one member expressed on an occasion when every member has got a right to talk on any subject concerning the club. As a matter of fact, part of the charm of club life is that no man, except under very exceptional circumstances, ever dreams of offering hospitality to a fellow club-man; men dine at the same table, each one paying for his dinner, and in the club smoking-room each man orders his own cigars and his own whisky-and-soda as he likes and when he likes. I have never heard of a club which found it necessary to prohibit members from offering each other liquid refreshment; but club custom is dead against it.

The National Polo Association.

I am very glad to hear that there is not likely to be any friction between the County Polo Association and the Committee of the Hurlingham Club, for the great club at Fulham has met the deputation from the association of which Mr. Buckmaster is President, and the Club has shown itself willing to consider the proposals of the association, and to make certain alterations in the Hurlingham Polo Committee. There has been hitherto a sub-committee of the Hurlingham Club to manage all polo affairs in conjunction with representatives appointed by the County Polo Association, the Army, and other clubs; but it was a *sine qua non* that these representatives should be members of Hurlingham. Hurlingham now suggests an addition to the representatives of the County Polo Association, that the Army and India should be more fully represented, that representatives from the Crown Colonies and the Dominions should be invited to join the sub-committee, and further, that the rule making it obligatory that every member of the Hurlingham Polo Committee should be a member of the Hurlingham Club shall be rescinded. The Duke of Westminster has joined the Committee of the Hurlingham Club, and as Mr. Buckmaster, the President of the Polo Association, has most unfortunately been prevented by his accident from going to America with the British team, he is on the spot, and it seems likely that all the difficulties will be overcome and a satisfactory agreement reached between all the high authorities on the matter.

The King at Aldershot.

The King during his visit to Aldershot managed to see something of the work being done there by all branches of the Service, watched the Territorial Artillery at work, inspected the Cadets at Sandhurst, and presented them with new colours, saw recruits of the 5th Dragoon Guards go over the jumps, and watched fourteen aeroplanes and two air-ships in the air. This display of flying was interesting, and no doubt the English air-pilot will in years to come hold his own against the most daring airmen of foreign countries; but it gives any Englishman cause to think when he reads of the display of flying and the parade of military aviators that the French army was able to show King Alfonso at Buc. There were sixty-five aeroplanes drawn up on parade on the flying-ground in six lines, all complete with their transport-wagons and all the apparatus necessary for a flying-camp. Fifty military aviators, besides the men with the aeroplanes, were drawn up on parade, and as the King walked down the line of pilots and chatted to them, six more biplanes flew up from the camp at Sissonne. With the Civil Aeroplanes, which were also drawn up on the ground, there were eighty aeroplanes present, and these, as a final exhibition, rose two and two and executed manoeuvres—the whole eighty being in the air at the same time. No doubt our War Office and Admiralty quite appreciate the necessity that England should hold her own in the air, but it will be some years yet before we shall be able to show any king visiting us such a flight of aeroplanes as the French showed King Alfonso at Buc.



ANGELL LIGHT FOR FIREMEN: A HELMET WITH AN ELECTRIC LAMP.

The Southampton Fire Brigade, we are informed, is negotiating for the purchase of electric lamps designed to be fitted to the front of firemen's helmets. The invention owes its being to Mr. W. H. Angell, a young shoemaker, who is an auxiliary member of the brigade. The battery is fixed in the cone of the helmet, and the light can be switched on and off at will.—[Photograph by News Illustrations.]

The Colonel-in-Chief of the Black Watch.

One of the pleasantest episodes of the King's stay at Aldershot was the presentation to him by the officers of the Black Watch of his uniform as the Colonel-in-Chief of that distinguished Highland regiment. I do not remember to have heard of any regiment giving one of our Kings his uniform before, but there could be no more suitable present from a regiment to its Colonel. I have no doubt that the uniform included the kilts. A mounted officer of Highlanders wears trews, but many very distinguished Highland officers discard the trews as *levée* and ball-room dress and wear the kilts. Sir George White did this, and Sir Ian Hamilton wears, whenever possible, the kilted dress of his old regiment. The King is such a good Highlander, and so much at home in the kilt, that I fancy we shall often see him on occasions of ceremony in his uniform as Colonel-in-Chief of the Black Watch. When a foreign monarch is appointed Colonel-in-Chief of a British regiment, a deputation from all the commissioned ranks of the regiment is always sent to apprise him of the fact, and to present him with the uniform of his new corps; but that is a present from the British Government, and not from the regiment.



A TROUSERED DOG! MEADHURST NANKI POO, THE POODLE.

Meadhurst Nanki Poo was exhibited, by Mrs. G. L. Bowyer, at the recent Toy Dog Show. It is here seen arriving at the Royal Horticultural Hall.

Photograph by L.N.A.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



MR. HARRY LAUDER—FOR DISCOVERING A SCOT-TISH GAME IN LONDON AND INDULGING IN A SHINTY AT WIMBLEDON.



MR. BEECHAM AND SIR H. TREE—FOR BEING PLEASED WITH EACH OTHER OVER THEIR JOINT PRODUCTION.



MR. E. W. LLOYD—FOR BREAKING THE WORLD'S RUNNING RECORD FOR 50 MILES, AND DOING IT IN 6 HOURS 13 MIN. 58 SEC.



MR. J. E. FOWLER DIXON—FOR STARTING THE 50-MILES RACE IN WHICH HIS OWN RECORD WAS BROKEN.



VISCOUNT ALTHORP—FOR APPROACHING THE END OF HIS INFANCY AND FOR ARRIVING AT MAN'S ESTATE.



DR. RICHARD STRAUSS—FOR FINDING MENU MOTIFS IN WAGNER FOR THE SALMON, MUTTON, AND LARK-PIE.



MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P.—FOR FINDING CHRIS-TABEL MORE DIFFICULT TO DEAL WITH THAN A BENGAL TIGER.



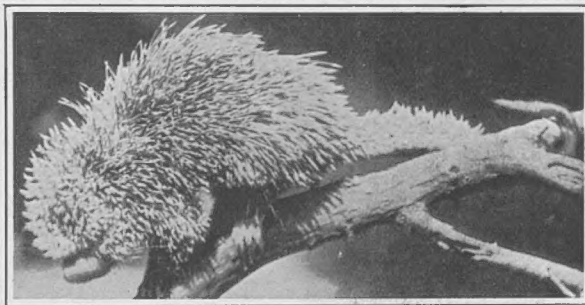
M. BRINDEJONC DES MOU-LINAIS—FOR BEING THE FIRST MAN-BIRD BROUGHT DOWN UNDER THE NEW AIR GAME LAWS.



THE HON. N. S. LYTTON—FOR WINNING THE FINAL IN THE AMATEUR TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP.



THE LADY PENTECOSTALIST UNDER WATER—FOR NOT BEING SATISFIED WITH A BAPTISMAL SPRINKLING.



THE NEW PORCUPINE AT THE "ZOO"—FOR ITS AMAZING SELF-DENIAL IN ABSTAINING FROM LIQUID REFRESHMENT.

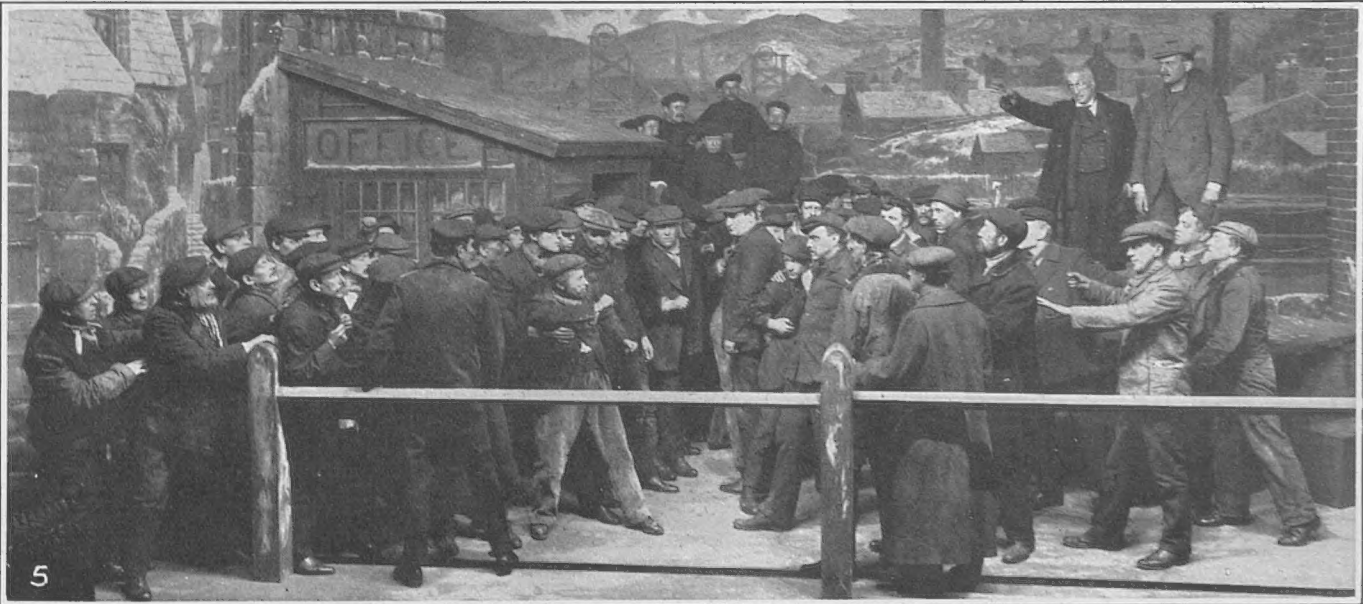
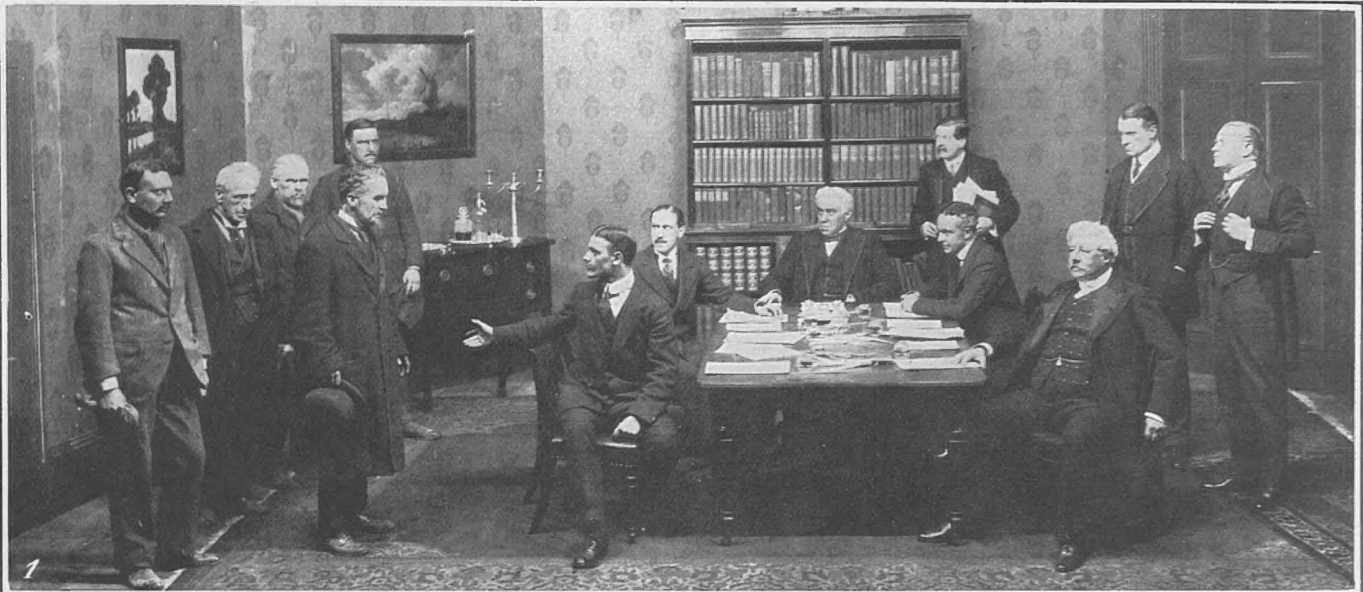


MR. H. W. BEVERIDGE—FOR WINNING THE CINQUE PORTS GOLF TROPHY WITH A RECORD SCORE.

Mr. Harry Lauder recently captained a side in a shinty match on Wimbledon Common, where shinty, an old Scottish game, has been played for forty years. He started play with Mr. J. M. Watson, who arranged the fixture.—The great pleasure which Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Thomas Beecham have very naturally expressed at being associated in the forthcoming production at His Majesty's of "The Perfect Gentleman" and Strauss's "Ariadne in Naxos" suggest (if we may say so without meaning any offence) a variation of the well-known couplet about the historians Freeman and Stubbs. "See, ladling butter with alternate glee, Tree butters Beecham; Beecham butters Tree!" The first of the eight performances is to be on May 27. The stalls will be 30s. and a guinea. At the dinner to be given by Sir Herbert Tree on that night various items on the menu will be introduced by appropriate motifs from Wagner adapted by Dr. Strauss.—At Stamford Bridge the other day Mr. E. W. Lloyd (Herne Hill Harriers) won the 50-miles race in 6 hours 13 min. 58 sec., thus breaking by 4 min. 28½ sec. the world's record made by Mr. J. E. Fowler-Dixon at Balham in 1885. Mr. Fowler-Dixon acted as starter for the race in which his record was broken.—Viscount Althorp, eldest son of Earl Spencer, will come of age on May 23. He is a Trinity, Cambridge, man.—Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, to whom we took off our hats the other day for bagging his first tiger in India, recently proposed that the National Labour Press should publish "The Suffragette." Miss Christabel Pankhurst declined the offer, as the N.L.P. asked for an indemnity against possible legal proceedings.—M. Brindejone des Moulinais, the young Belgian airman who recently made a fine flight from Bremen to Hendon, was charged later at Bow Street with having broken the new air law in two places. As he had done so purely in ignorance, he was treated with the utmost lenience, and was merely bound over in £40. He is the first foreign airman to be charged under the law.—In the final round of the Amateur Tennis Championship, played at Queen's Club, the Hon. N. S. Lytton beat Captain R. K. Price by 3 sets to love. It was arranged that he should meet the holder, Mr. E. M. Baerlein, in the challenge round on Monday, May 19, at 2.30.—The sect known as Pentecostals held their annual convention the other day at Roker, near Sunderland, when several converts were baptised by total immersion in the sea.—There recently arrived at the "Zoo" a Brazilian tree-porcupine, an animal that never drinks. No wonder if it is fretful!—Mr. H. W. Beveridge won the Scratch Challenge Cup and Gold Medal of the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club, at Deal, with a score of 148 (77 and 71)—a record for 36 holes.

Photographs by G.P.U., L.N.A., Ellingworth, Hoppé, Swaine, Sport and General, Illustrations Bureau, and Berridge.

THE CAPITAL-AND-LABOUR PLAY AT THE COMEDY: "STRIFE."



1. LABOUR IN CAPITAL'S STRONGHOLD: THE DEPUTATION, HEADED BY DAVID ROBERTS, IN THE BOARD-ROOM.

2. CAPITAL: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL
AS JOHN ANTHONY.3. WOMEN OF THE TWO CLASSES: MISS RENÉE KELLY AS ENID
UNDERWOOD AND MISS ESMÉ BERINGER AS MADGE THOMAS.4. LABOUR: MR. J. FISHER WHITE
AS DAVID ROBERTS.

5. LABOUR TROUBLE ON THE STAGE: THE DISCONTENTED WORKMEN.

Mr. John Galsworthy's "Strife," a remarkably interesting play, has been revived at the Comedy Theatre. In the first photograph are the following: From left to right on the left are Mr. Owen Roughwood as George Rous, Mr. F. Cremlin as Henry Thomas, Mr. Edgar B. Payne, and Mr. Cecil du Gué. In front of these is Mr. J. Fisher White as David Roberts. At the table, from left to right, are Mr. Reynier Barton as Francis Underwood, C.E., Mr. Athol Stewart as Edgar Anthony, Mr. Norman McKinnel as John Anthony, Mr. Charles Kenyon as Simon Harness, and Mr. Luigi Lablache as William Scantlebury. Standing on the right are Mr. O. B. Clarence as Henry Tench, Mr. Bassett Roe as Oliver Wanklin, and Mr. Kenneth Douglas as Frederic H. Wilder.—(Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.)



COME OVER TO THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

The Two Maxs. The amiable gentleman who gave me a ticket and programme, to say nothing of "a cool thou." (which, of course, was not intended to influence my judgment) was good enough to say that if there was anything I did not understand in "Come Over Here," he would gladly explain it to me. However, when I looked for him after the show was over, he was not there. So I take this opportunity of asking him a question or two. The first is, why Mr. Max Pemberton is described as part-author—we all know Max: there are two of them, Max Pemberton and Max Beerbohm; but these two Maxs must not be confused with the other two Macs. In fact, there must not be what the French call any *mic mac*. And we love all four. Think how much I owe to the Pemberton Max—the plays that I have seen and the novels read; and yet I have a bit of a grudge since I think of the hundreds of miles I have been carried beyond my destination because I would not get out of the train till I had finished the story. For I never look at the end first. I am proud of that, and when I die I hope they will put on my tombstone as epitaph "He never looked at the end first"; but, of course, I may be buried in quicklime in the horrible corridor with no epitaph except a simple *super col.* in the family tree. You see, there is really no room for an author in "Come Over Here": what can Max have done? Not devised the plot, for there isn't any more of a plot than the one invented by Titus Oates. Did he teach the players their American accent? I think not: it seemed genuine—when you pronounce "genuine" lean heavily on the "ine." Did he write the patter for the low-comedy merchants? I doubt it: the patter had an imported air. Or did he build the engine and devise the race between it and the motor-car? Everybody wants to see that race. It is rather thrilling. At the back, on the left hand, you see the approach of the acetylene lamps which indicate the motor-car, and to the right come a row of lights suggesting a glow-worm hurrying home afraid of being caught by the sunrise, and they gradually come nearer and nearer, and people make all sorts of noises in the wings—swish-swash-swoosh, and bumpety-bumpety-bump—and a hint of the famous ride in the "Damnation de Faust"; then big limelights glare at you, throwing your eyes utterly out of gear, paralysing the nerve-centres till, *bing-bang!* and a real motor-car and a huge locomotive exuding smoke from every limb, stand

Off to Ispahan.

Bing-bang! We were all in Persia, where the cats come from; and trouble, too, will come some day. And suddenly a Russian ballet was let loose on us, with prodigious dancing by Mme. Baldina and Mr. Kosloff; also a little "Sunfi-run" drama with a Sheik, and what I suppose is a Sheikess, and an amorous Fakir. I don't believe there are really fakirs in Persia, but, at any rate, we had one in Kingsway; he came from the United States; and he and Miss Grace Washburn were tremendously intense, and she wore a wonderful costume—well, one of the characters said it cost sixpence, and if the statement is true, the material must have been very expensive; and really, in a sort of way she is dreadfully clever, though I don't think she would get many votes at an election of Sunday-school teachers. And somehow, we glided off to Vienna, and a real lake with dear little ducks on it—I am referring to the feathered ones that lay eggs just a trifle too energetic in taste for my palate—and a lot of military ladies marched down the

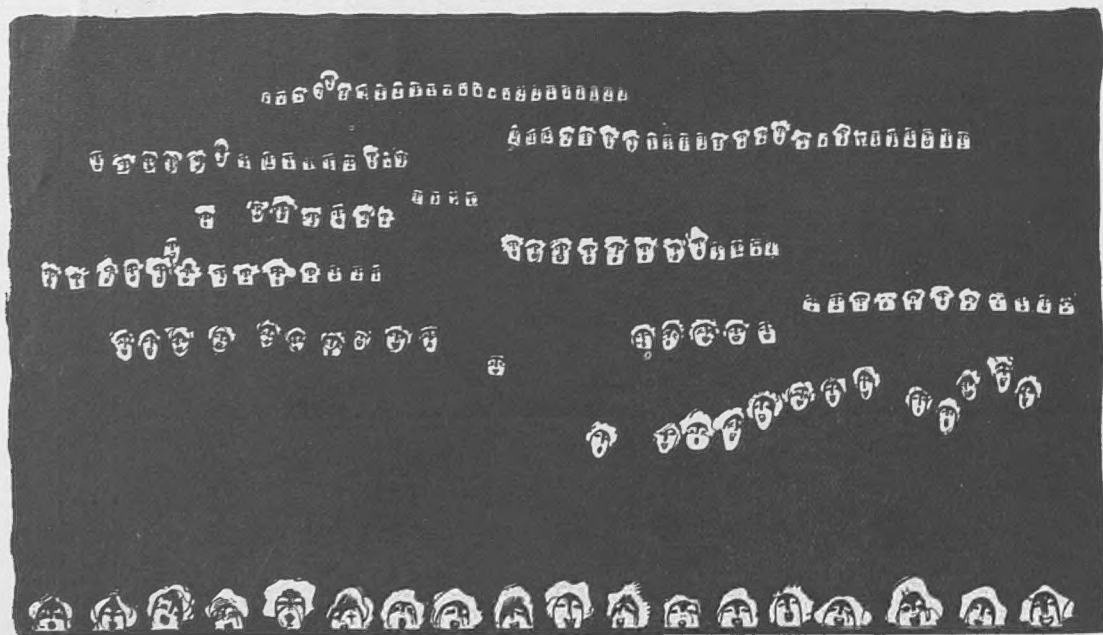


FASCINATED BY THE ADVANCING HEAD-LIGHTS; WATCHING THE RACE BETWEEN THE TRAIN AND THE MOTOR-CAR.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

platform in costumes that would have been awkward if they happened to sit on a nail. And other ladies walked, two by two, bravely into the lake and disappeared, to the amazement of the audience, which is still wondering how it was done.

The Costumes. The costumes are the great feature of the final scenes. How much they cost, I forget: put it at about as much as I should earn in a century and you will be within the mark. There was a chinchilla coat said to be a five-thousand touch—of course, everybody knows that chinchilla is a kind of squirrel, and lots of the best people wear ordinary squirrel and hope it will be mistaken for chinchilla, though they say that opossum looks more like. It is quite important not to make mistakes about the furs your friends wear. If you suggest that a lady's sables are Canadian when they are Russian, eyes flash, whilst a false allegation that they are Japanese is utterly unforgiveable. And, after all, our dear old friend Brer Rabbit, once the plague of



A LANTERN EFFECT: THE SHY CHORUS.

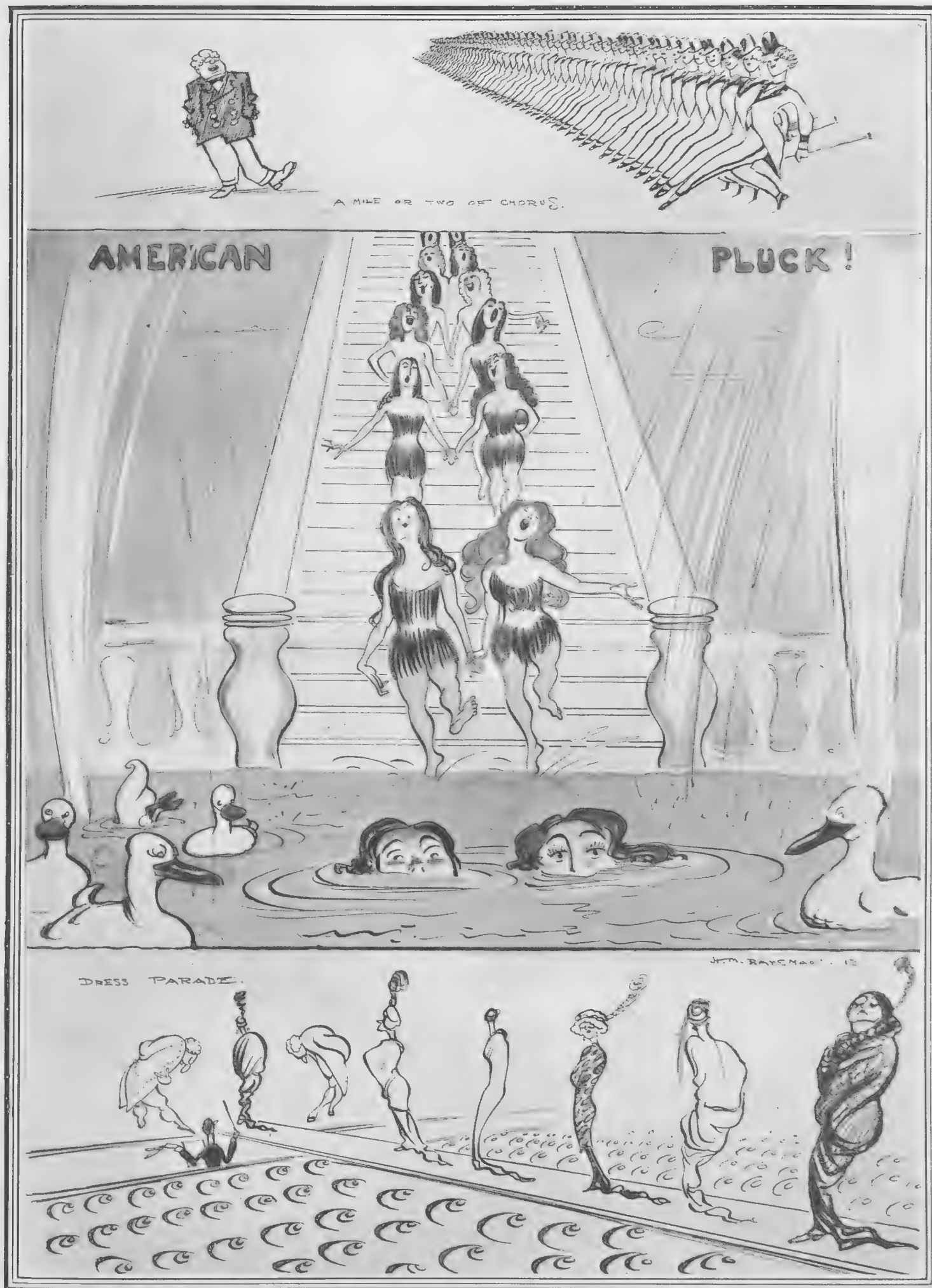
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

side by side upon the stage after a neck-and-neck race to Amiens—a place that used to be famous for its buffet—perhaps is still. This race is the *clou* of the first act; and, of course, another nail in the coffin of that detestable intellectual drama which is the curse, etc. (for further particulars, apply to Mr. Arthur Bouchier). The first act was all very dazzling, with hundreds of people in thousands of costumes dancing and shouting and singing and laughing whilst the audience gazed, and gasped, and cheered.

Australia, is the furrier's friend and prepared to masquerade as anything in the fur department, though I am told that he draws the line at pretending to be rhinoceros-horn or hippopotamus-skin for gamp-handles. And the costumes themselves—the gorgeous, unimaginable, indescribable costumes—form a fitting climax to this stupendous, bewildering orgy of women, song, dance, and funniment which is dragging the whole of London from its accustomed haunts to the wilds of Kingsway.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "COME OVER HERE." FOR SALE.



CHORUS; THE DISAPPEARANCE BENEATH THE WATER ACT; AND THE DRESS PARADE BETWEEN THE FASCINATED STALLITES: FEATURES OF THE REVUE AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

With reference to the central one of these caricatures, it should be noted that the ladies shown march into the water and disappear beneath it. Only two of them return, to the astonishment of the audience, who, very naturally, spend some time wondering how it is done.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

THE Duchess of Westminster has broken with Westminster, with the Grosvenors, and with the Belgraves. It is not a break with people, but with places. Having taken Latchmere, on Ham Common, for a twelvemonth, she will be less than ever in Upper Grosvenor Street. The Duchess of Sutherland would not be happy till she had shed Stafford House, and taken what her daughter calls a "cottage"; the Duchess of Westminster has at last succeeded in becoming a Commoner—a Ham Commoner—and is content.

A Duke in a Hurry. The Duke owns about everything from Hyde Park Corner to Victoria. He has six hundred London acres—the pick of the basket. But they do not necessarily make the more confirmed sort of Londoner either of him or of the Duchess; nor do the far broader Cheshire and Flintshire acres limit their horizons. The Duke is hardly less interested in his Rhodesian and Orange River Colony properties than in Eaton. As an A.D.C. to Lord Roberts and to Lord Milner in South Africa he learnt the itch of empire, and became a buyer. It hardly matters to him where his lands lie; for he is a quick goer. Other people find Belgravia "so convenient"; but he looks upon Central Africa as really central. In his hurry he sometimes breaks a collar-bone or falls into a police-trap. But his fractures have a way of healing in record time, and the fines are never a great difficulty. On a third appearance, by deputy, before the magistrates, he was ordered to pay thirty shillings or go to prison for seven days. His representative paid up; but what, as one of his friends queried, if the Duke himself had been in court? He jumps, you see, at most chances of adventure!

His Strenuous Grace. When he first flew with Mr. Farman he said: "I have done automobile racing, motor-boat racing, and every other sort of racing, but this beats everything." Since then he has discovered the still more ungente art of hydroplaning. On one flying sail a mile from Cowes his machine capsized. He was thrown into the sea, and was pulled under by the weight of his waterproof overalls. He came to the surface, waved a hand as a signal of distress, or in farewell, or in fun, and went down again. But a friend managed, when next he rose, to clutch him, and artificial respiration brought him back to consciousness. It is hardly to be wondered at that the greatest living critic of polo denies the Duke his final praises. "He would be a better player," he says, "if he did not spend the day before a big match in a balloon, and the next morning in reckless driving." But, then, the truth is that it is only by reckless driving his Grace can reach the polo-ground in time!

Wild Boars and Wild Bores. A variety of interests carries him

through the graver and more boring phases of existence. He has a way of cabling his instructions from the Continent on the morning of a great political dinner at Grosvenor House, so that a speech must

be written, in a sort of panic, ready for his return, and the chief warned to give elasticity to his time-table. The last time the Duke made an appearance as a Party host in London he had, the previous day, slipped and fallen before the rush of a wild boar in Germany.

He managed to despatch the animal before it got its tusks into him. "But I have a worse sort of jaw here ahead, instead," he said regretfully when he arrived in town.

King Edward and "Bend Or."

He has all the good qualities of a schoolboy, and none of the bad. He has never condescended to the book-learning which takes the freshness from most freshers. In a sense, he is a contentious man, but nobody likes him the worse for it. He is "a good chap" to his friends; and if, after King Edward's fashion, he likes to have six yellow-backs ranged on the table beside his bed for what his Majesty used to call "night-light reading," that is not the only link between two men, neither of whom ever went to literature, but only to life, for his learning. The Duke was, in fact, a great favourite with the late King; for the young man, with no father of his own, was the first, outside his own immediate family, in whom the King took an interest that was truly paternal. King Edward knew himself a wise adviser, liked the rôle, and was glad when he found a willing and well-intentioned listener in a

young man who was worth while—whom everybody liked. The father of his people was in his solicitude, a father to "Bend Or," a boy when the King first knew him, and a boy now.

Ducal Politics. That a Grosvenor, and the head of the house, should be known among all his friends by the name of a horse (his own, and a Derby winner) is one of those little paradoxes which are the salt of life. The same touch of irony attaches to the Dukedom the Liberals gave his grandfather. The inevitable followed. The time came when the Duke could not belong to a Party to which Blank and Blank also belonged. How could he, great ground-landlord that he was? The portrait of Gladstone he had commissioned Millais to paint was sent to the sale-room; and Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" (blue being the true Tory colour) had—said a wag of the family—a narrow escape. The alienation of the young Duke from Liberalism did not need the marriage of his mother with Mr. George Wyndham to fix it. It was already final. But Mr. Wyndham missed a picturesque opportunity—the conversion of a Duke by his table-talk.

An Open-Air Duchess. The Duchess is a *plein-air* Duchess.

Her love of gardens she gets from her mother, for Mrs. Cornwallis-West boasts of herself as a true daughter of Adam at Newlands, her Hampshire Eden. The zeal of the Duchess for all sorts of ice-sports is great enough not to be put out of countenance by even the least complimentary of snapshots. But perhaps more

than any other does she love that quietest of all sports—a walk, and in particular, a solitary walk—in very good company. And that's her own.



THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

Hugh Richard Arthur Grosvenor, second Duke of Westminster, was born on March 19, 1879, and succeeded when he was twenty. He served in South Africa in 1900-1902 as Extra A.D.C. to Lord Roberts.

Photograph by Chidley.



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER; WITH HER DAUGHTERS, LADIES URSULA AND MARY GROSVENOR.

Before her marriage, in 1901, her Grace was known as Miss Constance Edwina Cornwallis-West, daughter of Colonel William Cornwallis Cornwallis-West. Her daughters, Lady Ursula and Lady Mary, were born in 1902 and 1910 respectively.

Photograph by Speaight.

A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED—: SOCIETY ENGAGEMENTS.



1. Miss DOROTHY RUGGLES-BRICE, who is to MARRY Mr. CHRISTOPHER RICHARD GURNEY on MAY 22.
2. Miss MAY TODD, who is to MARRY Mr. GUY WARREN MEADE, R.H.A., on MAY 21.
3. Mr. GUY WARREN MEADE, who is to MARRY Miss MAY TODD.
4. Miss FRANCIS HOWARD, who is to MARRY LIEUT. JAMES BULLER KITSON, R.N., on MAY 24.

5. Sir PHILIP L. BROCKLEHURST, BT., who is ENGAGED to Miss GWIADYS GOSTLING-MURRAY.
6. Miss GWIADYS GOSTLING-MURRAY, who is ENGAGED to Sir PHILIP L. BROCKLEHURST.
7. Miss CATHERINE IRENE (BABA) BRASS, who is ENGAGED to Mr. W. LACHLAN McEWEN.
8. Mr. W. LACHLAN McEWEN, who is ENGAGED to Miss CATHERINE I. BRASS.

9. Miss CONSTANCE ROBINSON, who is ENGAGED to Mr. JOHN PARKER RHODES.
10. The Hon. EDITH F. PARKINGTON, who is ENGAGED to Mr. ERNEST WILLIAM HOPEWELL.
11. Mr. ERNEST W. HOPEWELL, who is ENGAGED to The Hon. EDITH F. PARKINGTON.
12. Miss KATHLEEN VENETIA WINGFIELD DIGBY, who is ENGAGED to Captain REGINALD WALKER, R.E.

Miss Ruggles-Brice is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles-Brice, of Spains Hall, Essex. Mr. Gurney, of the Sudan Irrigation Service, is the second son of the late Mr. R. H. J. Gurney and of Mrs. Gurney, of Northrepps Hall, Norfolk.—Miss Todd is the daughter of Surgeon-General H. Todd, C.B., and of Mrs. Todd, of the Royal Hospital, Haslar. Mr. Guy Warren Meade is the son of Mr. Warren Meade, of Alverstoke.—Miss Howard is the daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Howard, of 31, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square, and granddaughter of Lord Strathcona. Lieutenant Kitson is the eldest son of the Rev. John Buller Kitson and Mrs. Kitson, of Lanreath Rectory, Cornwall.—Miss Gostling-Murray is the youngest daughter of the late Colonel and of Mrs. Gostling-Murray. Sir Philip L. Brocklehurst is the second Baronet.—Miss Brass is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Brass. Mr. McEwen is the son of the late Mr. William McEwen.—Miss Robinson is the daughter of Mrs. A. Robinson, of Dumbartonshire. Mr. Parker Rhodes is the son of Mr. John Parker Rhodes.—Miss Parkington is a daughter of the late Lord Hampton. Mr. Hopewell is the eldest son of the late Mr. J. Hopewell.—Miss Wingfield Digby is the daughter of the late Mr. Wingfield Digby, M.P. Captain Walker is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar Walker.

Photographs by Kate Pragnell, Swaine, Elliott and Fry, Lambert Weston, and Val d'Estrange.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

KNOWSLEY never has a royal visitor without being reminded, by a heap of Press-cuttings, of its ancient story. The treasures of the library and the legends of the cellars are trotted out in full; but Lord Derby has perused the accustomed paragraphs too often to be interested anew. Moreover, he has a dread lest his guests may be equally bored. Against that possibility he is now busily preparing to guard them, and when the King and Queen visit Knowsley on July 7, their Majesties will be regaled with a—Variety Company! Among many turns, Mr. George Graves and Co.'s sketch, "Koffo of Bond Street," will be presented. There will be the manuscripts in the library for those who prefer them.



LEAVING MAYFAIR FOR BOHEMIA: COUNTESS LÜTZOW.

Count and Countess Lützow are prominent and popular members of that small group of foreign titled Society people who spend half the year in England. Their ancestral home is the Château de Zampach, Hnatnice. The Count, who has been Chamberlain to the Emperor Francis Joseph since 1881, is a member of the Athenæum and other clubs, and was Ilchester Lecturer at Oxford in 1904. The Countess is Anna, daughter of the late Baron von Bornemann, Minister of Mecklenburg, in Paris.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

he would seem to have been made for a life among British oaks and acres, for the races and the cattle-market—for cricket rather than the crooked diplomacy of the Near East. But he has real ties out of England. His mastery of the Turkish tongue, always a surprise to the astute man in the Bazaar with a "bargain" for the large, friendly, ignorant Englishman, is but one sign of something more than an insular outlook. He himself went to Philadelphia for a wife; and his sister not long ago took to herself a name more easily pronounced in Constantinople than in London.

Sir Gerard Lowther has spent too much time abroad to be very sight in London. In

Sir Gerard's Homecoming.

well known by Tokyo, Budapest, Tangier, and Constantinople he was always conspicuous—the typical Englishman. In England he will be recognised by his likeness to the head of his house, Lord Lonsdale. Fair, broad, genial,



SEEN IN PUBLIC FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HER WIDOWHOOD: MRS. E. H. HARRIMAN; WITH HER ELDEST DAUGHTER, MRS. ROBERT L. GERRY.

The photograph was taken recently during the Meadowbrook Steeplechase Meeting at the Belmont Park Track, Long Island, New York, and records the first public appearance of Mrs. Harriman since the death of her husband, the famous railroad financier. She conducts her business and philanthropic work in person.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

The Official Trippers. By good luck the *Enchantress* was in Venice when Mr. and Mrs. Asquith and Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill decided to make a tour of inspection of the Service establishments in the Mediterranean. And it was at Venice that the Prime Minister and the First Lord, with their ladies, boarded the Admiralty yacht. Venice happens to be on the Adriatic,

but the journey down the eastern coast of Italy, with Greece to the left, and blue above and below, is one of the least irksome of official journeys. An "official journey," with deputations to be received in various ports, it had to be made on account of certain critics at Westminster who, during Mr. McKenna's term at the Admiralty, kept an unfriendly eye on the comings and goings of the *Enchantress*. Despite Mr. McKenna's statements at the time, idle criticism is not easily forgotten, and whenever the yacht sails in sunny waters, care is taken to justify her course.

The Plight of the Duchess.

The Duchess of St. Albans has been motoring in France, and taking to the road in consequence. Outside Rouen her car broke down, beyond remedy. But remedies were tried until the chauffeur, and her Grace,

were both too hungry to continue. "And now for Rouen," was the next suggestion. But Rouen remained at ten miles' distance, and the countryside could offer nothing in the way of a trap. In the end an open market-cart was produced, with straw to make its cushions, and in this the Duchess and her party were driven (like Revolutionary ladies to the scaffold) to the city, and a meal.

The Likings of Lady Bathurst.

Lady Bathurst was very happy last Thursday among the embroideries at the Baillie Gallery. She has something more than a "dresy" woman's interest in stitches; and Bathurst House possesses needlework that is interesting to one sort of expert, though it would be scouted as old-fashioned by another. Lady



JUST BECAME THE MOTHER OF A DAUGHTER: MRS. PAGET, WIFE OF CAPTAIN J. B. PAGET.

Mrs. Paget, who has just given birth to a daughter, at 3, Upper Montague Street, Russell Square, is well known, not only here, but in Parisian circles. She is the great-granddaughter of General Yermoloff, of the Russian Imperial Guard, and granddaughter of the Marquise de Champeaux. Her husband was in the West Yorkshire Regiment.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



VISITORS TO ENGLAND: THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AND PRINCESS INGRID.

The Crown Prince of Sweden was born in November 1882. His marriage took place in June 1905, at Windsor. Princess Ingrid was born in March 1910.

Photograph by E.N.A.



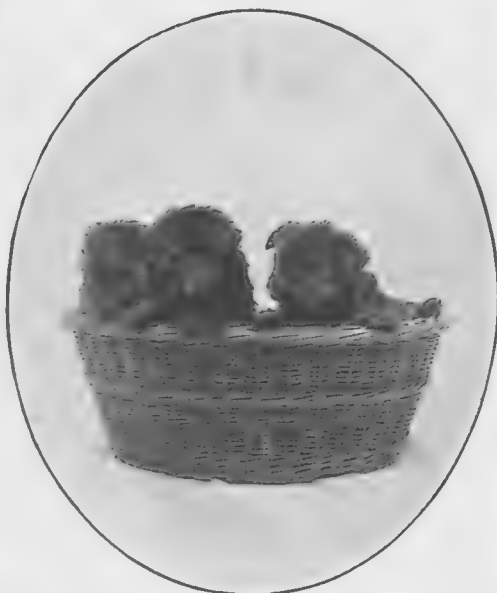
VISITORS TO ENGLAND: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN AND PRINCE BERTIL.

The Crown Princess of Sweden, who was born in January 1882, was formerly known as Princess Margaret of Connaught. Prince Bertil was born in February 1912. [Photograph by E.N.A.]

TOYS: SOCIETY BEAUTIES OF THE SHOW BENCH.



FIRST, CHAMPIONSHIP, AND SPECIAL FOR THE BEST PUG IN THE SHOW: MRS. H. A. RECKITT'S ROCKET OF BOSCOBEL.



FIRST-PRIZE WINNERS: MISS G. MURATORI'S LITTER OF YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.



FIRST AND CHAMPIONSHIP: MRS. G. HOROWITZ'S MALTESE CH. SNOWCLOUD OF ESPERANCE.



FIRST AND CHAMPIONSHIP: MRS. CALLEY'S PEKINESE CH. KO-TZU OF BURDEROP (BORN JAN. 15, 1910); WITH ITS OWNER.



THREE FIRSTS, TWO THIRDS, AND A SPECIAL: MISS E. E. K. STEEVENS' MINIATURE POODLES SERAPHINA, LADY BETTY, AND THE WHITE QUEEN; WITH THEIR OWNER.



THREE FIRSTS, FIVE SPECIALS, AND CHAMPIONSHIP: MRS. HANDLEY SPICER'S GRIFFON BRUXELLOIS COP-THORNE AURORA; WITH ITS OWNER.



JUDGING THE JAPANESE CLASS: MRS. McLAREN MORRISON (ON LEFT).

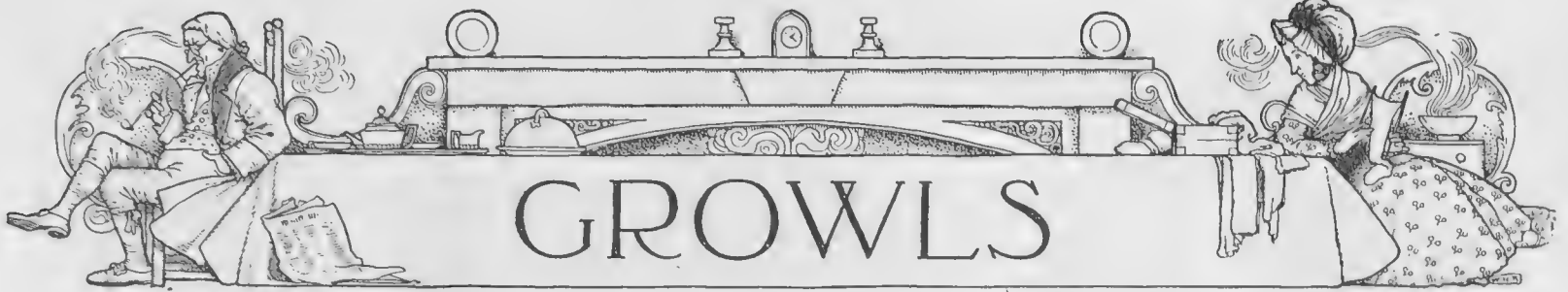


MRS. CROUCH'S POODLES CH. ORCHARD WATCHMAN (TWO FIRSTS AND CHAMPIONSHIP) AND ORCHARD FLOWER GIRL (TWO FIRSTS, SPECIAL, AND CHAMPIONSHIP); WITH THEIR OWNER.



JUDGING PEKINESE: MISS LE DOUX.

Our photographs were taken at the recent Toy Dog Show—comprising poodles, chows, schipperkes, and all breeds of toy dogs—held at the Royal Horticultural Hall, Westminster.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]



A FLAW IN OUR SYSTEM: THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE CLASSICS.

I WAS engaged in conversation only the other day with a personage. I call him a personage rather than a person because I think he is entitled to that designation in view of the fact that he has

attained to a more or less prominent position in life and frequently has the gratification of seeing his sayings and doings recorded in the daily Press. To this comparative success in life I had occasion in the course of our dialogue to mention that a certain thing was a *sine qua non*, and he immediately contradicted me and said that there was a lot of work in connection with it, being apparently under the impression that a *sine qua non* and a sinecure were one and the same thing. Nor is this an isolated instance of the possibilities of a man rising to lofty altitudes in the national scheme of to-day without paying the shadowiest sort of regard to a classical education, and what it does or should imply. On every hand one is confronted by signs of the inattention to, and even disdain for, everything that used to be considered essential to the preservation of the beauty and dignity of public life, and I, for one, cannot help eyeing the situation with feelings of resentment and alarm. It horrifies me to have it forced upon me that I can obtain no chance of turning to account all the drudgery I went through in my early days, and derive no advantage from the various letters I became entitled to append to my name as the result of a not uneventful academic career. "What," I cry, in the distraction of my soul, "is the good of it all, and what crop do I reap from the sowings of the past?" Far from me be any desire to show off the ripeness of the culture accumulated at no inconsiderable expense; but it does seem a pity that it must be hidden beneath a bushel and turned to no account whatever.

The Plight of To-day.

If one is to believe all that is recorded, the man of former days was in the habit of giving proof of his right to aspire to recognition and to the occupation of the higher places in the State by supplying indications that he had in his time received an education of the approved type, and that in his riper years he still retained recollections of at least a remnant of the classical lore which had been instilled into him. To climb to a seat amongst the judiciary he must be prepared to bandy classical quips with both Bench and Bar. To qualify himself for a bishop's apron he had to cite or paraphrase Greek and Latin quotations with the leading scholars of his day; and to win Parliamentary prestige without a frequent pyrotechnic display of erudition was a performance undreamed of. But nowadays all this is changed, and a man who would dare to rise in the House of

Commons and deliver himself of an excerpt, however apt, from Horace, would find Members of all Parties looking at him askance and with deep suspicion. He would from that moment be considered as a being outside the range of practical politics, an undependable and undesirable intrusion upon a responsible and respectable deliberative assembly. Even a bishop would run the risk of being branded as unorthodox if he exhibited signs of a quoting acquaintance with Homer; and a judge of the High Court who publicly betrayed a close familiarity with the "Æneid" would stand a very good chance of being called upon to tender his resignation. Beyond one or two expressions, such as "*quid pro quo*," "*ad hoc*," and "*referendum*," the dead languages are banished from our conversation, and the habit of employing them as a medium for the expression of our thoughts is as defunct as the languages themselves.

A Small Ray of Hope.

It is not a pleasant thing to realise that all the learning one has assimilated is to count for nothing, that all the time spent in assimilating it was wasted, and that any attempt to advertise its assimilation will be received either with a stony absence of appreciation, or with the scowl that is reserved for the tactless and obtrusive. It is from no point of view nice to be aware that one has been born a century or so too late, and that instead of applied knowledge entitling one to laudation to the skies, it is as much as one's place in Society is worth to indicate in any shape or form that one has in days gone by been at the pains to master the works of the writers of the golden past. I find it impossible to regard as palatable the knowledge that, in the period of English history through which we are passing, to be instructed is to be thought superior, and to be superior is to be thought vulgar and aggressive. But the gruesome facts remain, and one cannot help knowing that learning is at a discount, and that the cultivated are numbered amongst the "also ran." The would-be Cicero must disclaim all knowledge of Latin, and the budding Demosthenes must have no Greek. Perhaps, if we live long enough, we may be privileged to feast our eyes upon a new era when we shall not be ashamed of our own attainments or resentful of those of others; but in the meantime there are no signs of its approach, and I should yield to the temptation to write down "*Eheu, fugaces*," if I thought there existed the slenderest likelihood of the words being accorded any other reception than a sneer or the most attenuated possibility of their being understood.—MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.



BAREFOOTED INSTEAD OF BOMB-ARMED! AMERICAN SUFFRAGETTES CHOSEN TO PERFORM THE DANCE OF THE VIRTUES—A FEATURE OF A VOTES FOR WOMEN PAGEANT.

The correspondent who supplies us with this photograph says: "Only the fairest, whose physical charms have been passed by a beauty committee, of which Mrs. Raymond Brown is chairman, will appear in the pageant written by Miss Margaret M. Tuttle, daughter of Mrs. Howard Mansfield, President of the Equal Franchise Society." In the photograph Miss Beulah Hepburn is seen on the left, and Mrs. Richard Bennett on the right.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]



A FRENCH DUEL IN WHICH BLOOD WAS DRAWN: MESSIEURS BERGER AND BREITTMAYER DURING THE CONTEST.

It is not often that blood is drawn beyond "scratch point" in a modern French duel, but the unusual happened the other day when Messieurs Berger and Breittmayer, each well known as a fencer, met in the Park of the Château d'Orly, just outside Paris. Ten yards' grace was allowed behind each duellist. It was decided that, once swords had crossed, the duel should be fought without rest-time till the end. M. Berger, who is seen in the light jersey, was wounded in the chest twice; the first touch was of little moment, the second was more serious. Then honour was declared satisfied.—[Photograph by Excelsior-Illustrations.]

PEOPLE TO WHOM WE HOPE WE ARE ALTOGETHER SUPERIOR !

FOR SALE



XIV.—THE GENIAL PHILOSOPHER.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE NEW WORD AND THE OLD WORLD.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I LOVE new words, don't you? I love them not only because they sometimes herald a new thing (more often a thing risen from its ashes), but also because a new word is courageous and defiant, because it renews the past and expresses, if not a new fact, a new phase of thought.

The last-coined word runs the risk of remaining always a false coin—a slang word; yet the slang of to-day is the grammatical expression of to-morrow. I am interested in words as I am in passing facial changes. They both reveal so much more than acts do, in spite of the general belief to the contrary. Yesterday I learnt a word clinking and brilliant from the Mint. Perhaps it is not a new word, perhaps I merely did not know it—will anyone tell me if these, to me, new-born syllables have already attained a decent old age? The word is "*renommist*." The expression was used by Sir Frederick Pollock in a letter to the *Times*, in which he wrote that Benvenuto Cellini was a *renommist*, but not a "wilful liar." It is in the word more than in the truth of his opinion that I am interested. We have a French word—I am not sure that it is in the dictionary—the word *arriviste*: he who gets there quickly. It means also a little more than that; it means one who gets there not only quickly, but before everybody else, and at the expense of everybody else: he who knows not only how to run fast, but to trip others in the race; he with not only a fecund brain, but sharp elbows, a thick skin, and feet not too particular about walking in the mud. It's a good word, *arriviste*. You have no English equivalent for it. I wonder what it is in American.

I suppose the nearest to *renommist* is "Gascon," and, in Irish, "one who has kissed the Blarney stone." The Irishman is the Gascon of the north. To be a Gascon is not necessarily to be a "wilful liar," but to see *large*, and to relate with eloquence, fluency, frequency, and redundancy what one has seen. Gascony is a sunny slice of France; "A Gasconnade" is the description of a picture taken in a dazzling sun, with shadows blacker than black, and *reliefs* bold to insolence. But there is many a glib tongue outside the Languedoc, and legions are the Gascons born out of Gascony.

The difference between a *renommist* and a Gascon is that the former is merely blowing his own trumpet of fame, while to the other any subject will serve equally well that can be talked about in sonorous words and flamboyant images. The Gascon is looking at the world at large through a magnifying-glass; the *renommist* is staring at himself in a distorting-mirror, and shouting at people to look how big he is!

There always were, and always will be, bold knights of the tongue. But it is curious to consider how differently they are

labelled by each generation. The "gentleman of fortune" died, to leave room for the "adventurer." The adventurer, in his turn, disappeared, and the *arriviste* took his place. They are not new types; they are new words in a very old world. The men are the same, but they lose in *éclat*, in picturesqueness, in physical courage, as time goes on. Your *chevalier de fortune* was a braggart, but, look ye, what a splendid one! He could use his sword as well as his tongue; he was no coward and no blackmailer.

He loved fair ladies, fine linen, fine clothes, and good wine. Hewas a dashing assassin often, and sometimes a hero. What he meant to wrench from life, either by ruse or force, he fought for in the brilliant circles of Court or on the battlefield—it was a man's sport, a gentleman's sport. Our *arriviste* is a little mean and grey individual, be-spectacled and shabbily dressed. He talks much less and fights not at all—his duels are sham duels; he never draws blood, but how freely he pours out ink! His pistol is a stage property, but his fountain-pen is dipped in vitriol; the field of his exploits is Press and politics. The adventurer had ambition so that he might live; the *arriviste* lives for his ambition. He can seldom live up to his success; he is born old, he is drab and bald, and drinks Vichy. The adventurer was an amiable fellow with enthusiasm, spontaneity, and dear dreams of grandeur. The *arriviste* does not dream—he is too busy arriving! He has not the friendship of men nor the love of women. They flatter him, fear him, and despise him for his qualities. He is the human ant—a most detestable and ugly-looking insect.

I went last night to see again the immortal Cyrano de Bergerac (I had not told you, amiable readers, that I am once more in our mutual Paris—you are here in thousands just now.) What a splendid, gigantic type of adventurer the great man of the big nose would have made had he not been a hero and a gentleman, and so full of humility in his most arrogant verbiage.

I was forgetting in my list of would-be synonyms the word *vasta*—short for *vastaquouère*. He was killed by the playwrights. He also has lived. He had the colour and the glitter which the *arriviste* lacks, but he had not the amplitude nor the generous energy of the adventurer. The *vasta* was dark and sinuous, with *broché* waistcoat, long moustaches, optimistic towards the ends, and tell-tale fingers that tried to hide themselves under rings of all sorts and of all sources!

The *vasta* was *arrivist* in a very small way; his South American accent made him timid. He was no *renommist*, and he was no true adventurer. The last of the Great Knights of Adventure lies in the Invalides—under the tomb of Napoleon.



PRESENTED THE OTHER DAY, ON HER MARRIAGE, BY HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.
LADY ELCHO: LADY VIOLET CHARTERIS IN HER COURT DRESS.

Lady Violet, second of the three daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, was born in 1888, and married the Hon. Hugo Charteris, eldest son of Lord Elcho, elder son of the Earl of Wemyss, in 1911. Her son, Francis David, was born last year.—[Photograph by W. and D. Downey.]

HOPE SPRINGS ETERNAL.

FOR SALE



HER NIECE: Won't I always be a little girl, Auntie?

THE AUNT: Oh, no, dear. You'll grow up some day, just like me, if you live.

HER NIECE: Isn't there any hope of me dying young?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



SOME TRUTHS ABOUT KING EDWARD: HIS MAJESTY THE MOTORIST.*

The Police and King Edward.

In the middle of 1905 it was decided that the royal motor-cars should be driven by constables drawn from the Metropolitan Police. Mr. Stamper went to Buckingham Palace in connection with the teaching of the new chauffeurs. This led to his appointment as the King's

which . . . have seldom failed to record the fact that the inscription upon his collar ran: 'I am Caesar. I belong to the King.' His collar was of plain brown leather, and the only words which were engraved upon its brass name-plate were: 'I belong to the King.' Then, as to his Majesty's accent—and we find it difficult to agree with Mr. Stamper on this point—our diarist says: "More than once I have heard people deplore the fact that his Majesty spoke with a German accent. He never did anything of the kind. With never the faintest trace of a foreign accent he spoke the fairest English in the world. His voice was a deep one, and he spoke from his throat, and since the latter was, I verily believe, affected by excessive smoking, his tone was gruff. To some ears, I assume, this suggested an accent, but to say that he had one is a lie."

Hereditary Crest-Cleaner?

As a rule, the King was little pestered when motoring—but there were "difficult" times. Many of these were caused by embarrassing loyalty. Imagine the following; it is the truth: "We reached the spot at which the King wished to alight. This was close to the little hotel, and while his Majesty was walking about, we set to work to change the tyre. As we were doing so, out came one . . . and asked us if it were true that his Majesty was close at hand. I told her 'Yes,' and that this was his car. At that she became very excited, and said that she must do something, however small, to something that belonged to the King. I asked her what she wanted to do, and after some consideration, she said that she would like to clean the crest with her pocket-handkerchief. I said that she might do so if she pleased, and she thereupon dusted it delightedly. When his Majesty had returned and we were moving away, she threw the handkerchief down for a wheel to pass over it." There is a chance for the next Court of Claims: petition to be Hereditary Crest-Cleaner to the King!

A Derby "Crowd"—of Police.

Mr. Stamper "gives away," too, an enthusiastic crowd. "Minoru won the Derby by a short head. . . . The papers . . . put on record for ever how King, Prince, Equerries, trainer, and police were in a moment the centre of a surging, raving



A SAFETY-VALVE IN NEW ZEALAND: A BLOW-HOLE AT WAIRAKEI.

This blow-hole sends out, all day and all night, a steam-jet of tremendous power. The petrol-can seen in the centre of the photograph was carried at least fifty yards above the photographer's head.—[Photograph by G. W. Hobson.]

motor expert and engineer, and in a very short while he was the indispensable attendant upon his Majesty during all runs. It was his duty to sit beside the driver, to deal with any mishaps that might occur on the road. Circumstance gave him other work. The King came to rely upon him as guide, to expect him to know highways and byways, and to plan nicely calculated excursions. "So often as he contemplated a run which was rather longer than usual," writes Mr. Stamper, "the King would send for me, tell me where he wanted to go, and direct me to map out the route, measure the distance, and estimate the time the run would take. . . . The itinerary was always in quadruplicate, and if his Majesty decided to take the drive, he would take one copy himself, the second would be sent to the police, and the third I gave to the chauffeur, the original being left in the book for reference." Even these warnings to the Powers in Blue did not invariably ensure an unstopped journey. His Majesty was never held up for exceeding the speed-limit, but there were several occasions on which the absence of a number-plate had to be explained. Talking of police, when Mr. Stamper arrived at Balmoral for the first time, he was surprised to see the constables on duty wearing the uniform of the Metropolitan Police. He found them to be the men he had last seen on guard at Buckingham Palace. "From the 'A' Division," he says, "were selected certain officers, whose duty it should be to keep the royal residences. Once so chosen, they never did ordinary duty again. . . . When the King was in town, all of them were at the Palace. . . . The travelling staff consisted of one sergeant and five or six constables, and . . . the whole of the travelling staff moved with the Court. . . . On every private visit which his Majesty paid, he was accompanied by Mr. Spencer and two or three of the travelling staff in plain clothes. . . . When the King went abroad, the Criminal Investigation Department took up the duty of guarding his Majesty. The little staff of detectives, which accompanied him wherever he went, consisted of Superintendent Quin and two inspectors. The moment his Majesty entered a foreign country they were joined by detective officers—French, German, or Austrian, as the case might be—drawn from the service which corresponds to our C.I.D."

The Truth About Caesar's Collar, and the King's "Accent."

Two general ideas Mr. Stamper sets out to shatter. Concerning King Edward's favourite dog, he writes: "Caesar has figured very frequently in the newspapers,

* "What I Know: Reminiscences of Five Years' Personal Attendance upon his late Majesty King Edward the Seventh." By C. W. Stamper. (Mills and Boon; 10s. 6d. net.)



ASTRIDE THEIR CHARGERS: MEMBERS OF THE FIRST AID NURSING YEOMANRY CORPS.

During Whitsun the ladies were in camp with the Army Service Corps, at Pollard's Hill, Norbury. Some of them are here seen out for an exercise ride. They have a bull-dog sentry, their mascot, "Bully."—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

crowd of people, all mad with delight because the King had won. . . . If the police had not been there, I do not know what would have happened. Fortunately, they were more or less ready. . . . Those of the crowd who appeared to be actually touching the King, as he led in his horse, were, in fact, officers of the Metropolitan Police in plain clothes." Thus Mr. Stamper gossips of little intimacies that are always interesting. Without question, thousands will be given great pleasure by his book.

FOUR OF THEM.



SMITH (introducing his "latest"): How do, Jones. This—er—is my sister.
JONES: Delighted, old man; she was mine once.

DRAWN BY BERTRAM FRANCE.



MAMMA: You'll hurt the kitten, darling. Put it down.
THE CHILD: No, Mamma, it won't hurt. I'm holding it by the handle.

DRAWN BY WARING CAVENAGH.



THE IRATE INTRUDER: Look here, you've been in there half-an-hour and never said a word.

THE MAN IN THE CALL-BOX: I am speaking to my wife, Sir.

DRAWN BY HUTTON MITCHELL.



THE MISTRESS: I shall take one of the children to church with me this morning, Mary.

THE GENERAL: Yes'm; which?

THE MISTRESS: Oh, whichever will go best with my new mauve dress.

DRAWN BY HUTTON MITCHELL.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

UNCLE STANISLAUS.

By HAROLD BLIND.

"IT is true! The policeman told me this morning that we shall all be taken for the Prussian Army!" said Young John.

"I shall not serve! I shall go to my cousin in England, where everybody gets rich and the Judges commend one for bashing the nuts of the police," said Ignats.

"Fool! they will not let you go, now! The Emperor is frightened of the English and the French, who are free, so he will send us to crush them. Then we can desert, perhaps," answered John.

The new Army Laws of the German Kaiser had reached these peasants, who were sowing the seed beside the Vistula, which ran, like a broad ribbon of steel, through the brown plains. There were five of them in the Big Field—Young John, Ignats, and his two sisters, Maria and Masha, and old Uncle Stanislaus, who had fought with the National Polish Army at Brody in the disastrous insurrection of 1863.

They walked across the soil, sowing corn with the ancient and majestic gesture of the peasant. As they went, Uncle Stanislaus began to sing the forbidden songs. The rumoured news of the German Centenary with its new levies of conscripts, and of the Romanoff Tercentenary celebrations, had moved the aged Polish patriot.

"Hush! The very birds carry tales to the police," said Maria, as Uncle Stanislaus quavered the ballad of John Sobieski, King of Poland. But Ignats joined in defiantly. They sang of the Siege of Vienna, and of the Polish Lancers driving the Tartars and Janissaries back beyond the Danube; of the conquest of the Ukraine; of Jagello and Stanislaus-Poniatowski.

At noon they sat beneath a clump of trees and ate black bread and sour cheese and drank a mouthful of *kwas*.

All over the old Polish kingdom these scenes were being acted—a group of younger people about some old patriarch. Through Lithuania, Podlachia, Polesia, Volhynia, and Podolia to Austrian Galicia and the far Carpathians, and round again to Thorn in Prussian Poland.

"Listen!" said Uncle Stanislaus, "I will tell you once more of the miracle by which I know that Poland shall become free again. We shall cast off the triple yoke. I know. Listen, so that ye may tell the story to your children—tell it in secret as ye teach them our mother tongue—and the songs!"

Uncle Stanislaus held out his shaking hands, and they sat expectant, with brightened eyes.

"I fought under the hero Horodycki," went on the old man. "You know him! He led us at Brody and in many a skirmish that unhappy year! He was the man who held the Austrians at grips on the bridge of Temesvár, with but one battalion of the Polish Legion, in the War of '49. They died, but they held an Austrian army at bay whilst the Magyars made good their retreat! With mine own eyes I have seen Horodycki, and mine ears have heard his voice in battle.

"You know how the whole land caught alight and blazed in the Year of Liberty; how we heard the echo of the shouting of the Thousands in Italy, and rose, as one man, against the tyrants—Prussian, Austrian, and Russ.

"I was at Cracow, in Galicia, then, my children. Here, touch my hands—touch my poor old hands—they have touched the holy shrines of the heroes and paladins who lie beneath their effigies, carven in stone, in the Cathedral there—in Cracow.

"I was in the full strength of my youth, then, when we were to invade Volhynia in three divisions. I was a sergeant in a company of Horodycki's Brigade of Infantry. Alas! we had little but our individual courage, and compared to the Russians, we were one against a hundred—and the hundred had the discipline and the arms and the equipment.

"With the Brigade there was a woman—one of the saints and martyrs who lived and fought with the National Army that year. We never saw her except in battle, for at other times she kept herself rigidly secluded in her tent, or in some house. But when the fire began to rattle in the woods, or along the fields, she would be in the hottest of the fighting, serene and glorious amongst dead and dying, and facing the Cossacks, unafraid.

(Copyright in U.S.A.)

"Ah, my children, I loved that lady as the saints love God! I think we all did that, but to my love was added the passion of the young wheat for the sunshine and the rain. It was wonderful. My soul grew as the corn grows in May.

"Now and again I was permitted to speak to her, to do her little services—hold her horse, fetch water for her.

"Ah, you should have seen us ragged soldiers—seen how we worshipped this woman—and it was the same with the other detachments who had ladies with them. Remember that every Polish patriot is a Christian Knight!

"It was the night before the dawn of the terrible day of the Battle of Brody. We were to cross the frontier. It was fine and clear when the march begun. I saw brave Synkiiewicz in the red shirt of the heroes of Sicily and the last defence of Rome. He was shot as he stormed the Russians at Radziwilov, next day, at the head of his five hundred. I saw brave Captain Tchorszewski, who had fought with Horodycki in Hungary, and with the English against the Tsar in the Crimea.

"So we marched through the fine night until we had passed the frontier, when all got dark. Great clouds rolled up, and presently the lightning flashed and the thunder roared and rolled, like the war drums of the pagan gods of the Cossacks who surprised our rear-guard. The rain fell in driven sheets, drenching us, and the ground became a swamp.

"We of Horodycki's Brigade were to have been joined by General Wysocki, but he did not come until too late—too late.

"I was near my lady during the march. At daybreak we were quite close to the town of Radziwilov, where the Russians waited for us. We had but three hundred men left. We rushed upon the enemy and dislodged them for a time. Our beloved Horodycki fell in the street—Jagninski was killed, too. Alas! we were beaten back, scattered, and broken.

"The lady spoke to me as we gave ground, saying—

"Do not let me be taken by the enemy. If it is inevitable, you must kill me! Swear upon the Cross!" I touched the golden crucifix she wore and swore, looking into her eyes. She must have seen my soul in mine, for she bent suddenly and kissed my hand—my hand, the hand of a poor sergeant—a peasant! It was then she said that every Pole is a Christian Knight!

"The fight was terrible, my children! We died in scores as we were borne back by their sheer weight of numbers.

"Then, at last, we were reinforced by Wysocki's men, and the battle began again. Gliscinski, bravest of the brave, was shot after two horses had been killed under him. Domogalski, the Chief of the Staff, was mortally wounded and died in the town of Brody. Remember the dead! Let them be immortal!

"By the night it was all over. We were beaten and flying. We turned to bay like wolves, but they rode us down, the devils—the Cossacks! Their yells ring in my ears—'Hurr! Hurr!' they scream, as they gut you or spit you like pigs.

"All night I and my lady fled to escape them—hiding like hunted beasts, exhausted, wounded.

"At daylight we fell in with a party of dragoons; and, before I could carry out my oath, they were upon us and had made us prisoners. But they were not so bad as the Cossacks—they came later.

"You know the little box which is always before the holy image of the Blessed Virgin in our house? Yes, you know! But I will tell you the miracle again.

"The Dragoons, who were only commanded by a sergeant, took us with them across the country which was being ravaged. We met a large body of Cossacks, and the Hetman looked at the lady. He ordered us to go with him, and the Dragoons had to give us up. At noon the Cossacks halted and dismounted, and stuck the butts of their long lances in the ground—into the soil of our Motherland, even as they buried their steel heads in the bosoms of our women! Woe! Woe! . . .

"The Hetman had us brought before him, and would have made sport with my beautiful lady whilst his savages stood round, laughing like fiends of the Pit.

"But she begged time to pray to God, and he shrugged his shoulders and said he could wait five minutes. [Continued overleaf.]

CANVAS - WORSHIP : GALLERY STUDIES.



1. THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR.

2. THE GEM OF THE EXHIBITION.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

"She fell upon her knees and clasped the Crucifix. Her eyes met mine . . . not in an agony, but calm and clear as the skies of spring. Yet she was to endure. . . . Ah, you know how the Cossacks play!"

"So she knelt, and pressed her hands and the Cross to her breast. Then she put forth her hand and took up a handful of the earth, and rose to her feet.

"Dost thou believe in any God?" she asked the Hetman.

"He crossed himself. But many of these devils be heathen.

"Then look!" she cried. "The sacred soil of Poland, which you defile and desecrate, weeps human blood! It is soaked in the blood of the martyrs, and the tyrant shall not prevail! God's wrath will overtake you—every one! Look!"

"And lo! the handful of earth she held dripped blood as she clenched her fingers! The very clay was shedding tears of blood.

"Poland shall never be enslaved whilst a Polish man or woman lives to give her soil their blood!" she called, and flung the red handful at the Hetman. She gathered another—all her arm was red—the earth, it dripped, I tell you!

"The Cossacks shrank away. Some crossed themselves; others cried out on Allah, their God.

"The Hetman said never a word, but kept staring and staring. He looked all about him as if dazed, the red earth spattering his face and his beard. Then he put out his hands. Then pressed them over his eyes. Then stretched them out again. In a low and terrible voice, he said, 'Come, some of you! I am blind! I cannot see the sun, nor the sky. God have mercy! I am blind!'

"They ran to him. He seemed in an agony of pain.

"My horse! Put me upon my horse!" he said, reeling.

"They lifted him to the saddle, and they all rode off and left us.

"The beautiful lady was dead. I gathered the sweet earth which her blood had hallowed—as all Poland is hallowed by our heroes—and I have it now before the shrine of the Blessed Virgin.

"You, Ignats, you who wish to go to England, or to America, where I hear all men become free and are citizens when they set foot upon her shores . . . you, Ignats, you must not go! We must stay in Poland, my children! The new laws are a blessing sent

from God, who will avenge us on the Emperors who grind us and scourge us. Yea, though they scourge us with scorpions, let us stay and till this weeping Motherland, and serve in the armies of the tyrant . . . serve so that we may one day be ready to destroy them . . . that we may be able to fight them, and kill them every one. They teach us to fight, the fools! They compel us to bear arms! They——"

"Hush, Uncle Stanislaus! Oh, be still!" Maria thrust her small, hard hand over the old man's mouth.

Presently they began again to sow the seed in the wide fields beside the great Vistula, and the long day drew to evening.

All that afternoon they did not say one word. But under their breath they sang the forbidden songs of old, and steadily sowed the harvest that was to be, with the stately sweep of the arm—the ancient gesture of the peasant, older than the salute to kings.

But when they were returning homewards in the red sunset light, Ignats, who had wished to emigrate, asked Uncle Stanislaus—

"But how did the lady—blessed be her memory!—die? Was the red earth truly a miracle?"

The old man turned upon the younger, and his eyes reflected the anger, and the mournful majesty, of the dying day.

"It was a miracle, my son! They had not bound my hands, and when the Hetman ordered us to be brought to him, my lady and I . . . by the mercy of Christ I was able to slip a little knife into her hand. So she killed herself as she prayed. She bled to death, Ignats, and I could not save her . . . not her life, my son!"

Ignats bowed his head, and they walked to the homestead in silence.

After the frugal supper, Ignats went to the little box before the tinsel figure of the Virgin in the niche in the rude wall. He touched the box which held the handful of Polish soil soaked in the blood of a Polish woman. He turned to Uncle Stanislaus.

"To-morrow I will go to the police-station and volunteer for the army! I will become an *unter-offizier*—maybe even a *Wachtmeister*—so that I can fight for Poland when the morning comes, and lead her men to liberty!"

But Uncle Stanislaus had already fallen into the easy sleep of old age.



A TIMELY GIFT.

ANGRY FARMER: Is this your dog jest been killin' all my pigs?

ACQUAINTANCE: It is nat.

ANGRY FARMER: Thin whose dog is ut?

ACQUAINTANCE: It's yer own. I giv 'im to yer jest before he killed the first.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



ON THE LINKS

YOU BET I'M GOIN' TO—ST. ANDREWS NOW: THE OLD COURSE READY FOR THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

St. Andrews
Vicious.

An idea is entertained by many people, myself among the number, that St. Andrews was in a vicious mood the other day when the spring meeting of the Royal and Ancient came to be played, and there was some excuse for her being so. When we talk of her moods in this way, it has to be understood that no right-thinking golfer considers the famous old course of Fifeshire just as an ordinary, or even extraordinary, piece of soil and grass and sand, but as a thing with a soul and of a special botanical variety of flesh and blood. Therefore, St. Andrews is a "she" to us, just as a ship is to the captain and company, and, marry come up! but at this spring meeting she was one of the most modern kind of shes also—a regular termagant, all rebellion and destruction and thorough naughtiness. I will give a fiftieth of a day's pay to the best answer to the question as to why St. Andrews is like the ladies of the house that has been shut up

in Kingsway. That, however, is not why we say that she was in a vicious mood at the spring meeting. Do you not comprehend that people have been saying things about the difference between English and Scottish golfers lately?—and St. Andrews, of course, if she has occasionally returned an English victor to the assembly of her medalists, is yet too utterly Scottish for anything, and is mightily jealous of her reputation. Then, since last year, things have been said about the state of the course, and the doubts there would be about getting it ready for this forthcoming

nearest to it that he ever got having been the thought that he might possibly have a game with Mr. Charles McDonald when passing through Chicago, but this hope did not materialise. Mr. Blackwell and Scotland have made a good beginning to the season at St. Andrews. We congratulate them.

Glories of the
Greatest Course.

And so the old course has begun her season's work, and by the end of this week all the best amateurs of the country will be assembled there ready for the Amateur Championship tournament, which will be begun on Monday, and which should be the greatest amateur championship that ever has been played. Everybody will be glad to see yet another championship played on the old course, for, say what you like about all the magnificent creations of modern times, there is none like her—none. She is a wonder from the beginning to the end. She has no bad hole, though some of the holes are better than others. Her first hole, being her nineteenth also, is a plain enough thing in a sense, having only the snake-like Swilcan to give it any feature; but, for all that, it is a fine hole to begin with and to end a match that has to be taken past the eighteenth, as many will have to be next week. All the way out the holes are good, and all the way back again. What a wonderful short hole is the Eden, at the eleventh, and what history has it made with the nines and tens, and things of that kind that have been done there. And the Hell bunker and the Principal's Nose, and the immortal seventeenth, or Road, hole, with its station-master's garden and all its other famous trappings! Some people hate that hole, and condemn it for the terrible approach that it makes and the fearful penalties that it exacts; but what says the holder of the new Silver Cross of it, though he has suffered there as



AT LE TOUQUET: MR. LYCETT GREEN, LADY ANGELA FORBES, MISS FLAVIA FORBES, LADY AUGUSTA FANE (SISTER OF THE EARL OF STRADBROKE), AND SIR EDWARD GREEN, Bt.

Photograph by Topical.

Amateur Championship. The day of this spring meeting was a terror. The weather was fiendish to the uttermost degree, and though it takes much to make men refuse to go out to play—and especially at St. Andrews, where the traditions of all-weather golf are naturally respected—many refused this time, and those who did not soon returned, dripping, miserable, to the club-house, while not for a long time was a score of less than a hundred made.

Another Silver
Cross for "Ted."

And the end of it all was that the winner was found in Mr. Edward Baird Hay Blackwell, better known to his cronies for short as "Ted," and if ever a real Scottish winner was to be got from anywhere this was the man—a right regular son of St. Andrews, born and bred there. He learned his golf there, and he loves the place as no other. If by any good chance he could win this coming Amateur Championship, we should not be surprised if the natives set the old grey city on fire in the very delirium of their joy, for of all the men of St. Andrews, surely he is the most popular. He won the Silver Cross at this spring meeting with the score of 84, which was considered good in the circumstances, but which, nevertheless, was the biggest score returned in the competition since 1897, when an 84 was done by the darling of St. Andrews, the Freddy Tait that will make no more. Just think of it, it is twenty-one years since Mr. Blackwell won his first Royal and Ancient prize at St. Andrews, and that was, strangely enough, soon after he had come back from a stay of six years in California, where he had had no golf, the



AT LE TOUQUET: MISS FLAVIA FORBES, DAUGHTER OF LADY ANGELA FORBES, SISTER OF THE EARL OF ROSSLYN, AND OF THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Photograph by Topical.

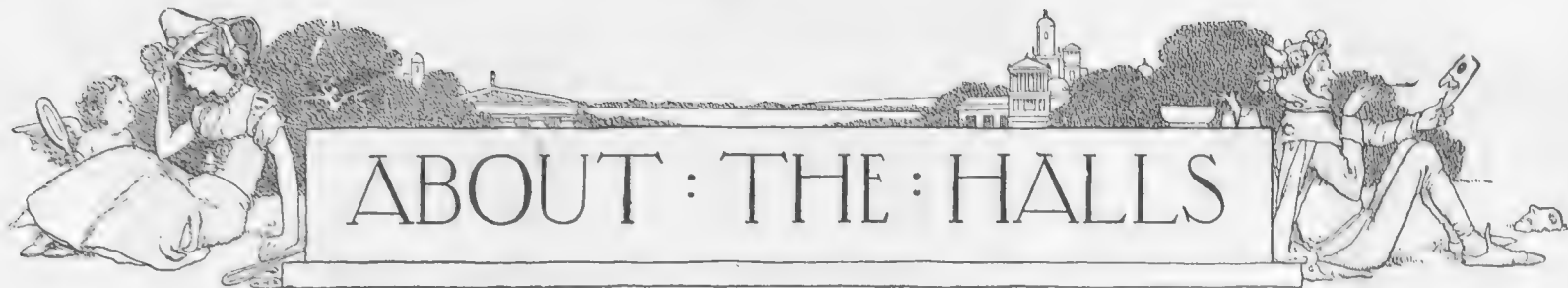


AT LE TOUQUET: THE HON. OSBERT E. VESEY (ELDER OF VISCOUNT DE VESCI'S BROTHERS) AND FRIENDS COMING IN AFTER A ROUND.

Photograph by Topical.

others have done? He says it is "the best hole in the world." I want to be in. . . . You ought to see. . . . You bet I'm goin' . . . to St. Andrews now. Dixie can wait for another time.

HENRY LEACH.



THE LATEST THING IN REVUES; A VETERAN; AND SAM WALSH.

IT seems pretty clear by now that the revue has come to stay in London, and that it means to stay in much the same form as that in which it originally arrived. The concocters of the new revue at the Alhambra, headed by Mr. George Grossmith, have made nothing in the nature of a new departure, but are content to proceed upon lines which have already produced satisfactory results. They have succeeded in luring Mr. Robert Hale from the neighbouring Empire, and here they have brought off an undoubted coup. Without any desire to underestimate the work of the authors, it may safely be said that "Sd. a Mile" would be rather an unexciting entertainment if Mr. Hale were not there to come on at intervals and cheer it up. Whenever it is showing signs of flagging out comes Mr. Hale; and whether he is appearing as Mr. Selfridge, Harry Tate, General John Regan, Mr. Justice Darling, or the musical Mr. Watson, he is equally successful. He has the true spirit of burlesque within him, and in all that he does he contrives to be extremely diverting. The burlesque of the "Musical Watsons" is one of the funniest things we have yet had in a revue; indeed,

so cleverly done is it that, so far as I could see, quite a large section of the audience are blissfully unaware of the fact that it is a burlesque at all. For the rest, there are fourteen changes of scenery, a number of sufficiently tuneful songs, some agile dancing, especially by Miss Mossetti and Maurice and Florence Walton, plenty of topical allusions, and a welcome absence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. As is customary nowadays, the stage is not of an adequate size to accommodate the company, which now and then encroaches upon the auditorium. Mr. George Grossmith, not being in the revue himself, has allowed a caricature of his engaging personality to be introduced, and Mr. Robert Hale seizes the opportunity to give us a travesty which is so good as to suggest Mr. Max Beerbohm's work. Taken as a whole, the revue provides a bright and attractive show. I am not particularly struck with its title, and am inclined to think that "Hale fellow, well met," would be nearer the mark.

The Coster King.

Of all the varied types of genius that make their appearance on the music-hall stage there is no "star"

that shines more brightly than Albert Chevalier. He is an all-round actor of the most consummate attainment, and is the possessor of gifts which none of his contemporaries can hope to rival. A master of make-up and endowed with that touch of sentiment which is the indispensable adjunct of the true comedian, he is master of a long repertory of brilliant character-studies. At the present time he is delighting the Coliseum audiences with some of the Cockney songs which first brought him fame. It is a good many years since he first showed us what a deal of comedy and pathos could be extracted from the London coster, and his "My Old Dutch" will always remain a pleasant recollection with the frequenter of the halls. When I heard him the other afternoon he was singing a song about a grandfather's clock, "The Little Nipper," and "Knocked 'Em in the Old Kent Road." The first song is not one of his best, but he contrives to invest it with an air of grateful sentimentality and to make his hearers wish for more. The lay of the little nipper who "only stands about so 'igh, that's all," was always a great favourite, and sounds just as fresh as ever it did; while the Old Kent Road ditty is by now practically a classic—and when Chevalier, in response to an encore, sings the chorus in French, he is always assured of a rousing shout of thanks. However frequent and pertinacious the invasion of the variety stage by that which is affectionately known as the "legit.," the halls can always point with pride to the possession of one completely accomplished and versatile actor of their very own.

A Welcome Arrival.

Among the early turns at the Palace is one which is well deserving of a better place in the programme. It is a little monologue performed by Mr. Sam Walsh, and it treats of a young gentleman who arrives at his flat in the small hours after indulging in a comprehensive evening round the town. Alcohol has put him in a philosophical frame of mind, and he babbles cheerfully to an imaginary Mr. Fordyce and rambles off into an extremely well-conceived dirge of the unsuccessful, following it up with a comic song with an almost inaudible accompaniment which is very deftly done. He then opens the door of his wife's bedroom and is horrified to find that there is a man there. He bitterly reproaches himself with his neglect, which he realises has conduced to this deplorable backsliding, and proceeds to search for his revolver with a view to putting an end to his miserable existence, but he can't find it anywhere. Suddenly he turns the electric-light full on and discovers that he is in the wrong flat! This little piece is something quite out of the common, and, played as it is by Mr. Sam Walsh with skill and tact, it is eminently refreshing. So far as I know, this is Mr. Walsh's first appearance in vaudeville, and it is a welcome one. It is no easy part he has elected to play, but he tackled it with a courage and a sureness of touch which enabled him to come through triumphantly. He may safely be looked to for excellent work in the future, and frequenters of the halls will watch his progress with interest.

ROVER.



IN HER MUFF DRESS: Mlle. DORMEUIL IN "J'ADORE ÇA!" THE FRENCH REVUE AT THE NEW MIDDLESEX.

When she makes her appearance on the stage as Le Manchon, Mlle. Dormeuil seems to be clad only in that muff. Later, it is seen that she is wearing an abbreviated dress.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



AS MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH: MR. ROBERT HALE AS "AN AUTHOR" IN "SD. A MILE," THE NEW REVUE AT THE ALHAMBRA.



A GUIDE FOR HOLLAND: A 500-MILE AMERICAN RACE: ROAD-SIGN REFORM: WATER RATES.

Who's for Holland Now?

Motorists will be pleased to learn that the Continental Tyre Company have just issued a very interesting addition to their long tale of guide-books and atlases of Continental countries which have in the past been so keenly appreciated by those who have voyaged by motor-car over the wide face of Europe. But up to the moment of the



WITH THEIR NEW 15-H.P. PANHARD-LEVASSOR DE LUXE: MR. GUS ELEN, THE FAMOUS MUSIC-HALL ARTIST, AND HIS WIFE.

appearance of this latest publication no works of the kind—or, at least, so complete—existed concerning Holland. Hitherto, Holland has only been partially treated in books dealing with adjacent countries, and it is evident that, having regard to the country's many romantic, picturesque, and historic attractions, the land of the dear Dutch deserved special treatment. With this in view, the Continental Tyre Company have therefore come to the rescue with their new combined "Handbook and Atlas of Holland," which includes one key-map and ten sectional sheets arranged in a thoughtfully convenient form. As there are many parts of Holland which will well repay the trouble of a motor tour, those who contemplate a trip in a country as yet but little frequented by motor tourists will find this book (which can be obtained for 2s. 6d., post free from the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, Thurloe Place, S.W.) a very real help.

A Sunbeam and Two Peugeots at Indianapolis.

The great Speedway at Indianapolis (not so great as Brooklands, by the way; but what reckes the Yankee of that?) will on May 30 be the scene of a great and exciting five hundred miles race, in which, we are sorry to say, only one solitary English car is going to compete. The car in question is a Sunbeam. The only other two alien cars (alien, at least, from an American point of view—two Peugeots, to wit) will be steered by Goux and Zuccarelli. But before these lines see the light other aliens may be entered, owing to the altered conditions now obtaining. In lieu of a 600 cubic inches displacement, 450 cubic inches has been substituted, and this very largely widens the scope of entry for both American and foreign cars. The race, if not provocative of speed records to any degree, should produce a most interesting contest, and that this is expected is shown by the immense amount of interest now being evinced therein on the other side of the Atlantic. But for the crushing tariff imposed on motor-cars imported into the States—which practically precludes the possibility of any volume of export business from Europe—many Continental and British makers would

enter for this event. The commercial value of a win by a foreign car is obviously of no import, under the circumstances.

Wanted, Model Sign-Posts.

Although admittedly useful in their way, it cannot be denied that road sign-posts are more frequently than not a source of acute irritation and annoyance to all road-users. They have been erected and lettered at the sweet will of local authorities, who generally view their utility with a narrow and localised eye. They bear the lettering they bore lang syne, when they served pedestrians and slow-moving horse-drawn traffic, so that they were found a bewildering even to cyclists. To-day their utility to motorists is thereby greatly discounted, and, next to road-improvements, nothing calls so loudly for reform as our system, or lack of system, of road sign-posting. In this regard, then, there is some comfort in the reflection that, tacked on to the coming International Road Congress, which is to be held in London next month, is a competition for direction-posts and plates, for which prizes amounting to £35 are to be awarded. The suggestions and proposals are to embody the size, shape, and materials for the posts, also the style and colouring of the lettering and any other information which it is thought the signs should convey to the wayfarer. It is to be hoped that some consideration will be given to the picturesque, and that the English landscape will not be marred by anything so ugly as the French *indicateurs*.

Shun the Hose and Save Money.

After successfully combating certain water companies who have sought to impose an additional water-rate in view of the ownership of a motor-car, the sponsors for automobilists appear to have given way in the matter of the Mid-Kent and East Kent Water Bill, which has been passed containing a special clause dealing with the charges for water used for washing cars in private motor-houses. In view of the Bill—which has now become law, and, unfortunately, will form a precedent to be eagerly followed by other companies—motor-car owners in the region watered by the Mid-Kent and East Kent Water Company will be obliged henceforward to take their water for car-washing through a meter to be supplied free of charge by the company, with a minimum rate of 10s. per annum. It is to be regretted that a firm stand was not made for what is known as the Ipswich clause, which enforces a payment of 10s. per annum if a hose is used. Now any motorist who has any regard for the



SHOWING THE LOCKER, IN THE BACK OF THE BODY, FOR A SPARE WHEEL: AN ARGYLL SLEEVE-VALVE CAR WITH TORPEDO BODY.

The chassis is fitted with the Argyll four-wheel braking system. The front seats are adjustable.

mechanism and panel-work of his car will bar the use of a hose entirely, for the water-jet not only carries grit into the bearings and brakes, but, by sweeping flinty particles along the paint, ultimately destroys the varnish-face.



WHEN the *Times* the other day announced that Cardinal "Vaughan" would perform the obsequies of the Dowager Duchess of Newcastle, it made what journalists will know to be a very pardonable slip of the pen, since Cardinal Bourne's name at least rhymes with his predecessor's in sound, though so different from it at sight. The Vaughan family needs no ghosts—it is a family very much in evidence in life. Father Bernard Vaughan has just returned from Japan in time to congratulate his niece, Miss Alice Vaughan, on her engagement to Mr. Berkeley; and to marvel at the enterprise of his nephew, Father Herbert Vaughan, in starting a new magazine for the young. Only one activity of a member of the family has become a subject of regret, for Mrs. Charles Vaughan, who had been for



TO MARRY CAPTAIN THE HON. W. A. NUGENT, HEIR PRESUMPTIVE TO THE EARL OF WESTMEATH, MISS KATHLEEN STEIN.

Miss Stein is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Stein, of 19, Kensington Court. Captain Nugent is the elder of Lord Westmeath's brothers.

Photograph by Lafayette.

years the devoted companion of her grandmother, the late Duchess of Newcastle, happened by ill-luck to have left for the North a day or two before the Duchess's sudden seizure, and was not, therefore, present with her at the last.

Neither Mermaid Nor Tavern.

The Mermaid Nights, consisting of dinners, speeches, and plays

to follow, should, failing a mermaid, be held at a tavern. But they have outgrown the Cheshire Cheese, where the first of the series was held, and perforce have sought a larger but less Shakespearean scene at the Café Monico. On June 1 Mr. Stephen Phillips' new

play, "The Adversary," will follow the meal, and the wit of one speech, at least, will outdo the frolic wine, for the Duchess of Sutherland is to preside. The management of the *Poetry Review*, which is responsible for the entertainment, has decided to leave the mermaid to the imagination, save, perhaps, for some modest device on the menu. The modern poet is less ambitious than the Vicar of Morwenstow, the late Rev. R. S. Hawker. In his youth he once played the mermaid at Bude, by swimming out to a rock, where he sat and sang, decked in oilskins and seaweed, and holding a mirror.

Pick and Choose. Coats-of-arms are not necessarily pretentious. The insignia of "the faithful footman and the poet's great-grandfather did not, it is true,

appear on the Browning shield, but Lord Joicey is more historically particular. Two miner's picks and two Shetland ponies figure in the heraldic design he caused to be made at the time of the creation of his title, and "Pick and choose" is the motto which his friends assigned to him when he made his great wealth and proved himself something of a connoisseur of life. Son of a civil engineer, he joined a colliery at seventeen, was manager at thirty, and has not yet ceased to work. For some little time he has been engrossed in real estate, and particularly in the details of the sale of Gregynog, with its two hundred and fifty model farms. Lord Joicey has been the more easily brought to the selling-point because reassured as to the future of his tenants, who will, in July, have a chance of acquiring their holdings at a second sale.

Happenings to Sir Hugh.

Sir Hugh McCalmont's interest in Kempton Park was largely paternal. When his son's horse was beaten, after a host of favourable prognostications, he added the loss to a long list he has suffered on his own account. In India, not long ago, his house was burnt out, and he and Lady McCalmont went forth into the rain without even an umbrella! Later, Sir Hugh arrived in India for the Durbar, only to learn that his whole kit had gone down in the *Delhi*. In consequence, he was forced to appear in the streets of the Indian capital in the garb of Piccadilly. But if Sir Hugh was without ducks on that

occasion, he made amends on others. During one week of shooting he and his party accounted for a bag of two thousand water-fowl.

The Complete Motorist.

Lord Northcliffe has left London for a motor-tour in Belgium and Germany, and will be away until early in June—unless his speedometer registers the miles in quicker time than he has counted on. But that is unlikely; Lord Northcliffe has an exact mind and a sure memory. He is the complete motorist. No

matter how quickly he has buzzed through a foreign town, he remembers it. Buzzing through again, years later, he can tell you more about it than another man would learn in a stay of twenty-four hours. He has the motorist's mind for places, distances, and the petrol's lasting power.



"SNAPPING" A NURSE MAKING BEEF-TEA IN A FIELD-KITCHEN: THE MARCHIONESS OF GRAHAM AT THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY'S FÊTE AT EASTON PARK, HER SUFFOLK HOME.

In 1906, the Marquess of Graham, who is the eldest son of the Duke of Montrose, married Lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of the 12th Duke of Hamilton. (Photograph by Swinburne.)



OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PAVILION AT ALDERSHOT: A ROYAL AND MILITARY GROUP.

In the front row (from left to right) are Princess Mary, Princess Victoria, the King, the Queen, General Sir Douglas Haig (General Officer Commanding at Aldershot), Lady Haig, and Lady Bertha Dawkins, aunt of the Earl of Lathom, Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen. (Photograph by Ernest Brooks.)



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Wagner and His Audiences.

The outstanding feature of the beginning of the London Season has been the superb production, under Herr Nikisch, of three cycles of the "Ring des Nibelungen" at Covent Garden. The demeanour of the audience is always of singular interest, for the great musician has

the secret of turning his listeners into worshippers. Should an unhappy wight cough or dare to whisper, the wrath of the assemblage falls upon him. A great part of this audience is composed of men, who are not, as a sex, great frequenters of the opera. Even at five o'clock in the afternoon the black coats are there in battalions; and to sit next to a real Wagner enthusiast is to have an amateur conductor at your elbow who beats time (in the dark) with an enthusiasm and virtuosity bordering on frenzy. The very strangeness of the hours adds to the interest of the great cycle. To be in evening-dress at five of the clock is a curious experience, and then the intervals, with the escapade of Dinner—which, owing to the effect of this amazing music on the nerves, the intellect, and the emotions, is a highly desirable episode in the six hours of music-drama—add immensely to the feeling that you are assisting at an artistic rite. We are far from the time when an Aubrey Beardsley could depict an audience on a Wagner night as an assemblage of degenerates and sensualists. To-day, the Varsity don, the more enlightened parson, the soldier with cultivated tastes, the wearied politician, all seek stimulation and change in these stupendous works. Wagner, a century after his birth, is still triumphantly holding his own.

now the Army has acquired this inward elation, together with a manner which I can only compare to that celebrated one which is cultivated on the banks of the Isis. This combination of the Common Room and the Mess is sufficiently piquant; but I, for one, am surprised at nothing in the modern "Spring Captain."

Woman and the Talking Season.

The period of public dinners has now set in with its annual severity, and with it all the useless talk which is the inevitable accompaniment of these somewhat dismal feasts. It is amazing that the habit of after-dinner speaking continues to flourish in a nation which is, candidly speaking, somewhat inarticulate. The typical after-dinner speech of the Briton resembles closely that of the Admiral in "The Schoolmistress," now running so hilariously at the Vaudeville Theatre. Perhaps the jokes, so laboriously heaved in at appropriate intervals, are the worst features of the public-dinner oration as practised in these islands. It is, curiously enough, the Anglo-Saxons—whom we like to picture as standing for Action as against Rhetoric—who are most the slaves of this awful custom. Your Frenchman or Italian may "take it out" of his friends or acquaintances at home or at the café; it is the American or the Briton who insists on a wide (and long-suffering) audience; and, once he gets on his legs, there is little hope of getting him down except by the protest of loud and prolonged conversation. It is the womenfolk, nowadays, who do most of the best after-dinner speaking, which is, after all, an accomplishment which all who have any aptitude can learn. It was inevitable that Woman, having shaken off most of the conventional shackles, should acquire it.

That Uplifted Feeling.

One of the things which "every woman knows" is that feeling of elation produced by putting on beautiful clothes, or even some eccentricity, provided it is of the newest fashion. Probably men—who are singularly like women in these highly civilised days—are perked up by a new tie or exhilarated by a fancy waistcoat, only they do not talk about these mysteries as much as women do. But love of finery has a deep psychic meaning, and, according to one of our leading brain-specialists, there is "an emotional accompaniment of elation following the putting on of a pretty garment"—a rather pompous way of saying what every feminine thing, from the fat baby who rejoices over her coral necklace to the grandmother who sticks a pink bow in her lace cap, is intensely aware of.

A COAT.

This is a graceful coat of lace and charmeuse, looped up at one side with a silk motif.

able episode in the six hours of music-drama—add immensely to the feeling that you are assisting at an artistic rite. We are far from the time when an Aubrey Beardsley could depict an audience on a Wagner night as an assemblage of degenerates and sensualists. To-day, the Varsity don, the more enlightened parson, the soldier with cultivated tastes, the wearied politician, all seek stimulation and change in these stupendous works. Wagner, a century after his birth, is still triumphantly holding his own.

Spring Captains.

One of the signs of the Season is the appearance of what George Du Maurier used to call the "Spring Captain." He comes from Aldershot or Aden, from Bordon or Bombay, but there is no mistaking him or mixing him up with any civilian "nut" in Pall Mall or Bond Street. To begin with, he is so meticulously neat, his hair is so smooth and shining, his tie so irreproachable, his manner of walking so much a thing apart. If he is from India or remote stations, he shows a certain amount of curiosity at the aspect of London, as well as a discreet elation at the amazing, whirling spectacle punctuated by pretty faces under the queerest hats. Elation, indeed, is one of the emotions which it is modish to exhibit just now, for the doldrums are out of fashion, and the individual in Society who makes the most attractive impression is he—or she—who contrives to walk about looking as if he were concealing some joyous secret. It is all, to be sure, part of the new modern spirit, which arose out of the ashes of nineteenth-century pessimism. The Senior Service long had the secret of this innate gaiety, and your sailor-man was proverbially good company; but

**A TEA-GOWN.**

The above is a tea-gown of chalk-white "Radiant," with hip-yoke of Venetian point lace. The upper part is veiled with white tulle, folded and caught up into a high waistband. A cluster of the palest pink silk roses is worn in the corsage.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 28.

YANKEES.

ONE of the most depressed sections of the Stock Exchange during the last account was that concerned with American Rails, and at the end of last week the sentiment was distinctly bearish. The outlook is complicated by a variety of troubles, the bulk of which will probably turn out to have been exaggerated, but any one of which might be quite serious. The Government's attitude shows little improvement, and the market did not like either the fresh difficulties raised to the terms of dissolution of the Harriman Merger, or the announcement that the case against the Coaler roads is to be revived.

The effect that the new tariffs will have upon trade is still uncertain, but, more than this, we think that further consideration of the income-tax proposals has caused some uneasiness.

As we have pointed out before, a large number of Bonds were issued with an express proviso exempting them from any future tax of this sort. It is now freely stated that the authorities at Washington will attempt to break through this provision. Of course, if they should succeed, it would be a serious blow to American credit on this side of the Atlantic, and we believe that this view will eventually prevail and prevent any such step being taken, although probably any similar proviso will be impossible in future issues.

However, the tax has got to be paid somehow, and if the burden does not fall upon the Bondholders, then it will fall even more heavily upon the holders of Common stock, who will have to carry both their own and the Bondholders' burdens.

Altogether the outlook for American Rails is rather obscure; and, apart from one or two stocks which have special attractions of their own, we think the market is a dangerous one for the moment.

LOBITOS OILFIELDS.

We have referred to the shares of this Company as a promising Oil speculation on several occasions when they stood four or five shillings below the present quotation, and the Report which has just appeared confirms our view, although the details, especially in regard to development, are sadly meagre. This, however, can be remedied at the meeting on May 27; and we hope the Chairman will deal with the position fully, as this is a subject of the utmost importance to this and all other oil-producing Companies.

The production for 1912 was 78,300 tons, against 52,200 in the previous year. The net operating income came out at £105,900 against £61,000 in 1911; and, after allowing for all taxes, expenses, and depreciation on a rather more generous scale, the net profit amounted to £45,800, against £3700. The maiden dividend of 10 per cent. is paid, absorbing £37,600; £10,000 is used as a commencement of a reserve fund, and £19,700 is carried forward.

With regard to the future it is impossible to be very definite until we have heard what the Chairman has got to say at the meeting, but we are inclined to take a hopeful view. The Company's financial position is a strong one, and the present resources are sufficient to carry out an extensive development programme if it should be necessary. As far as we can ascertain, one of the most hopeful features has been the results obtained at the lower depths, and if this continues the Company's future is certainly bright. Market conditions are very favourable at present, and we see little likelihood of any reaction this year. The shares therefore look a promising speculation, although we do not care to rate them higher than this.

RUSSIAN BONDS.

In answer to a correspondent at the end of last month, we pointed out that, in certain cases, holders of Russian Bonds which had been drawn for redemption might suffer serious loss if they did not learn of the drawing.

The Anglo-Russian Trust have favoured us with a copy of the following letter, which the Secretary sent to a correspondent on the same subject—

I am in receipt of your letter of May 3, drawing my attention to the editorial statement in *The Sketch* of April 30. With reference thereto, I beg to say that, shortly after a drawing of a Russian Bond Loan has been held, the Russian Government forwards to the bank or banks charged with its service the funds for the payment of same. Admittedly, it has been the custom of certain bankers in the past, when a coupon of a Bond was presented to them for payment, to pay the coupon without reminding or informing the presenter of the fact that the Bond had been drawn. The bankers charged with the service of the Bond Loans which have been issued by the Anglo-Russian Trust do not follow this custom, nor do they pay coupons of drawn bonds presented to them for payment—at any rate, not until they have made it quite clear to the presenter that, if paid, the amount thereof will be deducted from the nominal capital of the Bond. In order further to protect subscribers to, and holders of, our Bond issues, we have made certain arrangements with the British Bank for Foreign Trade, Ltd., of 11, King William Street, London, E.C., and they are now compiling a Register of Russian Bondholders, and are prepared to keep

all those persons whose names, addresses, and particulars of their holdings are registered therein advised as to drawings and coupon payments.

We have made inquiries at the bank mentioned, and think any of our readers who hold Russian Bonds would be very wise to avail themselves of this register. The Bank supply the necessary forms to anyone asking for them, and make no charge at all for their services in this connection.

MISCELLANEA.

Our advice to holders of Brakpan shares has turned out quite correct, and the price has recovered to 4 1-8. As we suggested, the April results were again affected by the loss of stopes which had disorganised the output. The cable announcing the month's figures also stated that the May results are expected to show material improvement. We believe this expectation will be fulfilled, and think the price will recover still further.

There seems to be an idea in some quarters that the offer of the Canadian Pacific Railway to redeem the 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds means that a further issue of Common stock is unlikely in the near future. While not being prepared to prophesy when any such issue will take place, we do not think the present announcement can be considered to bear upon the point. At the time of the last issue it was definitely stated that part of the proceeds would be used to redeem these Bonds on or before the date of their maturity—July 1915. Holders are offered a premium of 2 per cent., and we have little doubt that the bulk will accept the Company's offer.

The Report recently issued by Thomas Tilling is not by any means a satisfactory document. Without knowing exactly what depreciation has been written off the motor-buses it is impossible to know the true position. Probably the London General Omnibus Company will eventually take the Company over; but in the meantime we cannot look upon the shares as a desirable holding.

Tin had a very sharp drop on Thursday—as much as £4 per ton for three months. We think, however, the quotation will recover before very long, as there seems no intrinsic reason for the fall, and the opinion of the Metal Market is that it was a manipulated drop, so holders of Tin shares need not be uneasy on that score.

The Report on the Lonely Reef Mine, which appeared a little while back, was quite satisfactory, and we now hear that there is a possibility that the market in the shares may improve. Five additional stamps will be running this month, making twenty in all, so profits should go up. The shares have been as high as 3½, and may back towards that price again—although we doubt whether they are worth it.

CABLE COMPANIES' RESULTS.

Two important Telegraph Companies have just issued their Reports for the half-year ending Dec. 31, and both show very substantial improvements in gross receipts. Those of the Eastern Extension, Australia and China Company amounted to £379,400, an improvement of nearly £20,000, and the net profit at £224,600 is £24,000 better.

The dividend is made up to the same amount as last year—namely, 7 per cent., and the whole of the increased earnings have been used to strengthen the reserves.

A sum of £86,700 has so far been expended out of the reserves (leaving that fund at £1,190,000) upon the new cable to the Far East. The £10 shares are quoted at 13 3-8.

The Eastern Telegraph Company's gross receipts amounted to £753,300—an increase of £23,800; but working expenses increased to an even greater extent. Important renewals are being carried out in the Bombay-Aden section of the Company's system, and this has necessitated the large sum of £83,000 being allocated for maintenance, etc. The net revenue balance accordingly comes out at £397,200, which represents a decline of nearly £50,000. The directors, however, have little difficulty in paying the usual distributions, bringing the total for the year up to 7 per cent., and £160,000 is transferred to general reserve, bringing the total of that fund up to £1,748,600.

In addition to the renewals mentioned above, this Company is installing a new cable between Aden and Suez, and application has also been made for permission to lay a line between Aden and Colombo. The Ordinary stock is quoted at 136.

From the figures of these two Companies it is clear that Cable Companies are doing very well indeed, and are suffering not at all from the advent of wireless systems. Our own view is that their prosperity will continue to increase, and that the shares are desirable investments. The fact that the directors consider it advisable to lay down new cables speaks well for their confidence in the future.

DOMINGO TOMBA'S ESTATE.

This Company was registered under Argentine law in 1911 to take over the wine-producing business of Domingo Tomba at

[Continued on page 221]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Young People's Metropolis.

Our hoary old capital, with its history, traditions, and relics, is the ideal playground for the young. From now on to the end of July our dear old London goes in for gaiety all along the line. Boys and girls dance half through the night, and amuse themselves all day; the social round goes gaily, and draws into it all classes, from the lads and lasses who belong to the first flight to those whose season in town means a fortnight or three weeks of sightseeing, shopping, and theatres. Anyway, we are now in the Season proper, with a State visit from the President of the French Republic—consequently a State banquet, ball, and Gala at the Opera—to look forward to, and many other fine events, including some smart weddings. Brides and grooms to be, when they marry "just when the young June roses blow," sacrifice some of London's most cherished functions. Putting it off to July means a short honeymoon before the time for shooting the grouse. Woman, therefore, has to give in, and June has it, and is always a favourite matrimonial month.



A PARISIAN COSTUME OF 1813: "COEFFURE EN FICHU, CHEMISE, CORSET."

The Children of Noah.

On June 11 and 12 the most recent survivors of the Flood will be at the Royal Albert Hall, holding high festival in aid of the London Hospital, now making its five-yearly appeal to the public for help. The latest edition of the Ark will be found in the centre of the great round hall. There will be all sorts of high jinks—rifle-ranges, cocoanut shies, gramophone and picture shows, auction sales, concerts and dramatic entertainments. I could not tell half the fun of that fête, to which we are all looking forward. Queen Alexandra, always so good to and so interested in the London

Hospital, has given her patronage; the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll, and Prince Arthur of Connaught are all patrons from our own royal family; and then Queen Amelie and King Manoel of Portugal have also accorded their patronage to the Fair; while practically all of our great people are working for the success of the undertaking.



TRIMMED WITH LACE: A CHINTURE-TRICOT AND A "GORGERETTE EN PONGÉE."

husband, Mrs. Greville frequently entertained the then Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII. His late Majesty spent a week-end as her guest at her delightful place, Polesden Lacy, near Dorking. Since her father's accident a few years back, when he was

knocked down by a carriage and pair near Hyde Park Corner, Mrs. Greville has devoted herself to him, and his death is a sad blow to her. She has no children, and she will be a great heiress. The present Lord Greville married, in 1909, the widow of Mr. Henry Kerr, of New York, daughter of the late Mr. J. W. Grace, of Leybourne Grange, Kent. Their small son, another Ronald Greville, has just entered on his second year.

Enough to Turn Heads.

To the person who invents an ideal head-gear for lady golfers a medal for merit would be really due. At present more women are put off their play by their hats than by any other article of attire. The requirements of the ideal hat are many: it must be light; it must fit the head, if possible, so accurately that hat-pins are not required; the brim must give shade to the eyes, but it must not flap in the breeze; then it must be fairly becoming. Women golfers have to sacrifice so many graces of attire to the game that they must



A CORSET OF TO-DAY: TYPE 70, IN FINE WHITE COUTIL, AT SWAN AND EDGAR'S.

be left some little becomingness as to head-gear. The new little hats that pull down tightly over the head and hair are really quite good to play in, especially if they are in Panama straw. Winter golfing head-gear is easy, because you tie your head up with a motor-veil. That procedure does not do for the summer, when it is much too hot and stuffy. This is an era of prizes; why does not some succourer of our sex start a golfing-hat competition?

Protean Woman.

Woman has a Protean capacity for altering her shape according to the dictates of fashion, and in bringing about the desired metamorphosis nothing plays so important a part as the corset. In the famous show-rooms of Messrs. Swan and Edgar, at the corner of Regent Street and Piccadilly, there is a large variety of up-to-date corsets, at all prices. One of the most attractive is that known as Type 70, illustrated on this page. It is made in fine white coutil, low in the bust, and graduated to a medium height at the back. This corset can be had in different sizes, ranging from nineteen inches to thirty-eight inches waist measurement. The price is 18s. 6d. Corsets should always be obtained from a trustworthy source, and every woman may be sure of getting what she wants at Swan and Edgar's. Full particulars of their various corsets, it should be added, are given in the firm's illustrated catalogue.

A Favourite Hostess.

A lady who is greatly liked in Society, and whose entertaining is always of the most enjoyable kind, is placed in mourning by the death of her father, the late Mr. McEwan. I allude to the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, widow of the late Lord Greville's elder son, and sister-in-law to the present peer. In the lifetime of her



PARISIAN MODES OF 1810: THE CORSET À LA NINON.

An interesting article in a French fashion paper, "Le Jardin Des Modes Nouvelles," traces the evolution of the corset from the time of the French Revolution. "We need not recall," says the writer, M. Paul Cornu, "the horrible sufferings of our ancestresses encased in the frames of iron which are shown at Cluny, that museum of feminine tortures. The Revolution broke all such fetters." He goes on to speak of the modes of the Consulate and the Directoire, with waists so high that the corsage, so to speak, no longer existed. From the short corset of that period, however, the corset of to-day derives its origin. In 1813 a corset was designed by Horace Vernet, not very different from the corset of 1913.

Continued from page 223.

Mendoza, and the Report which has just appeared for the period ending Feb. 28 last is therefore only the second issued. The previous account covered a period of fifteen months, and so no comparison is possible, but it is clear that the prosperity has increased. Net profits came out at £115,500, out of which £17,500 goes to amortisation fund, £8400 to reserve, and 12 per cent. is again distributed on the Ordinary shares, which are, we believe, all held locally.

English investors are interested only in the 6 per cent. First Mortgage Debentures, of which £287,000 are now outstanding. These are redeemable by annual drawings at 102 per cent., or by purchases in the market by means of a sinking fund of 2 per cent., which should provide for the total redemption within twenty-five years. No further issue can be made without the sanction of existing holders. These Bonds, which are now quoted at 97½, seem to us a very reasonable high-yielding investment. The Company is the foremost wine-producing firm in Mendoza, making about 200,000 casks per annum. The properties are in excellent condition, and we see no reason why their prosperity should not continue to increase. On present results, the sum required annually for interest and redemption is being earned about four times over.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"You had quite a Rubber boom while I was away," said the Rubber expert.

"It hasn't lasted very long," added the clerk; "prices are all off again, aren't they?"

"They still show a rise on the week, for which we're truly thankful."

"Going better?"

"I think so; if we can only get in a few orders from America; but I'm afraid it won't last very long."

"H'm," said the clerk, "it's time you found a new yarn; if produce markets go down America is always blamed. The Stock Exchange is just as bad: if Rubber shares go down, it's selling from the East; with Canadas, Berlin is always the culprit, and so on."

"How did you get on at Wimereux?" suddenly inquired the still-more-senior partner.

"Had an excellent time," replied the Rubber expert. "The course is first-rate, but my golf got gradually worse all the time. The atmosphere of the Boulogne Casino is not exactly—well, invigorating."

"Isn't it?" inquired the still-more-senior partner in an innocently ignorant tone.

Of course, the clerk laughed, but the speaker continued: "I remember when I was in Boulogne fif—a good many years ago—"

"Order, order!" cried the clerk, and the senior partner came in at that moment, so these promising reminiscences were lost.

"What about the new Chinese Loan?" asked the latter when he'd taken off his hat.

"You needn't worry about buying it now at one premium," said the clerk. "Whatever the papers may say, seven-and-a-half millions is a fairish bit."

"But it's not underwritten."

"Which explains both the necessity and the possibility of the present premium. But if you want any of the new Brazil scrip, I think you'd better buy it now. There are a lot of people trying to pick it up at 1½ dis., and when they find they can't, they'll raise their limits."

"Rhodesians and Kaffirs keep pretty dull," suggested Harry, who'd been keeping very quiet; "but all the Diamond shares look more hopeful, don't they?"

"A man told me to buy Nile Valleys," said the senior partner.

"Who on earth was that?" asked Harry. "They're being puffed very hard, and you know what that means."

"You don't think much of them, then?"

"A purchase ought to qualify for Colney Hatch," was Harry's somewhat rude reply, as he disappeared into the telephone-box.

The still-more-senior partner got restless and went off whistling cheerfully, while the others found work to do; so when Harry came out of the telephone-box, he could find no one to controvert his rather brilliant statement that "Marconis looked a bit weak."

Saturday, May 17, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

BEESTON.—We believe all three Companies are non-existent, but if you care to send a fee of 5s., we will have a proper search made.

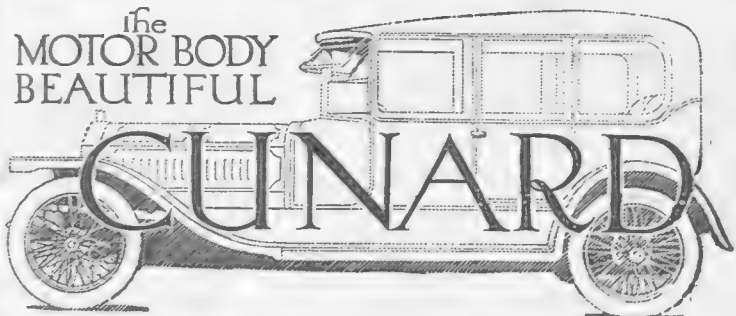
PETER.—May eventually be valuable, but dividends unlikely for several years. A pure speculation, and there are many more promising.

R. W. (Congo).—We have answered by post.

MINERVA.—(1) We do not like it, but it may be manipulated higher, when you should sell—say, 20s. or 21s. (2) Trading results appear good, but insiders are always ready to sell. We therefore do not advise. (3) A sound Commercial investment, although, of course, not gilt-edged. Shells will, we think, go higher.

ROCK.—A fair purchase, but we prefer the security mentioned in this week's Notes, or the 6 per cent. Cédulas of the Argentine National Mortgage Bank.

the
MOTOR BODY
BEAUTIFUL



Will You Come

AND see the CUNARD Bodies being built at our Putney Works? When you have seen these famous bodies being fitted to such well-known chassis as the Noiseless Napier, etc., you will understand why Mr. Gerald Cobbs says:

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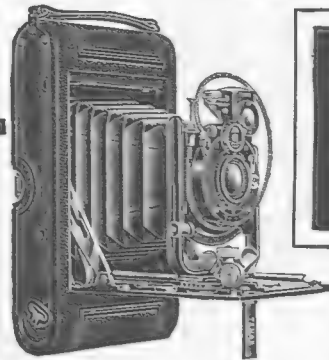
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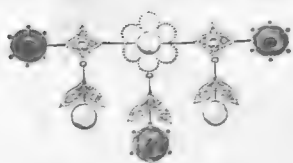
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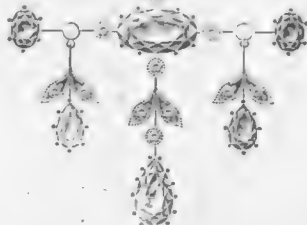


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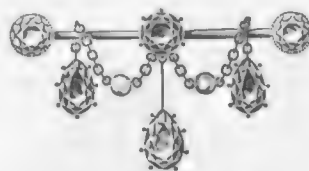


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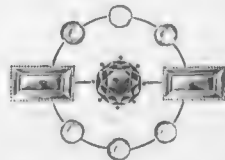
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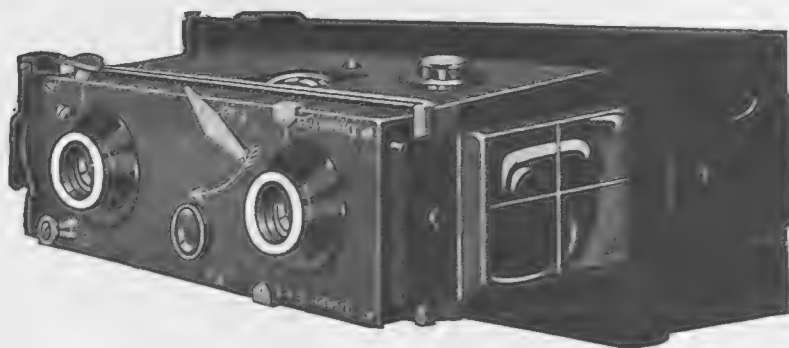
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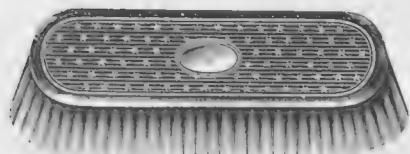
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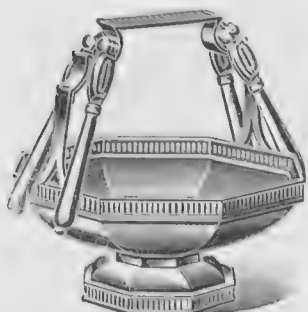
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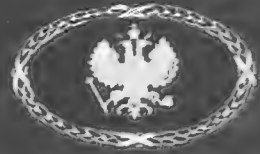
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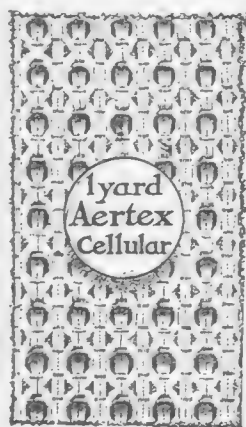
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

"Scotland for the Motorist."

This is the title of a most excellent and valuable Guide just issued afresh by the Automobile Association and Motor Union. The conduct and compilation of the work has been confided to the loving care of Mr. J. Inglis-Ker, of course a Scotchman, who has missed no opportunity to put the numerous and varied attractions of his native country in the most alluring light. Some such book as this is an absolute necessity for motor-touring in Scotland, where it is not good to make blind experiments, but better to go where experience has taught that the ways are motorable. The routes given, which are numerous, are route and guide in combination, so that the tourist is at once informed of what he should look out for, and so passes unwittingly nothing of real interest. It must not be presumed that the work is an exhaustive Guide, but it certainly offers members of the A.A. a clear and handy book of reference.

A Strenuous Tour.

It is both interesting and satisfactory to learn from the Daimler Company, Ltd., that, in view of the excellent results obtained with the 38-h.p. Daimler which competed in the Austrian Alpine Tour both last summer and before, two exactly similar cars have been entered by German owners, for this year's trial, which takes place next month. There is no denying the fact that the Austrian Alpine Tour is the most severe, strenuous, and arduous contest ever devised in connection with automobilism. It means eight days' hard running over the Tyrolean Alps, a total distance of 2500 miles, or over 300 miles per day. In many parts the roads traversed rise to a height of 8000 feet above sea-level, where the temperature is always below freezing-point. The demand made upon the engines by the low temperature and the decreased air-pressure must be experienced to be realised. That the 38-h.p. Daimler should pan out well under such arduous conditions speaks volumes for its all-round excellence.

Codified Road Rules.

For some time past a committee of the Royal Automobile Club have been hard at work in drafting and preparing a code of Traffic Rules, which it is proposed shall, if possible, become law, instead of being largely custom, as at present. These rules have been based on the present laws and customs as far as possible; but in regard to the case where two vehicles are converging upon one point, the regulation of the Board of Trade for preventing collisions at sea has been

adopted. Therefore, the rule runs: "Whenever two vehicles converge upon a point, the vehicle which shall give way is the one which has the other on its left side." This is a fresh regulation as regards road conduct, for at present there is no rule or custom governing such cases. If enacted and observed, it would assuredly make for the greater safety of all traffic.

Speed Possibilities of the Benz.

Something like speed may shortly be seen at Brooklands if the rumour be true that the fastest car in the world—Hemery's Benz, to wit—will make its appearance there in the near future. Since its last appearance at Weybridge, this fiend of speed has made the Transatlantic passage, and while in the land of wooden nutmegs, with the Yankee crack "Bob" Burman at the wheel, it is said to have travelled at well over 140 miles per hour. In November 1909, it will be remembered that the car, driven, and not too well driven, by Hemery, secured the now existing world's records for the half-mile and mile, and the kilometre, the speeds attained being 127·8 miles per hour, 115·9 miles per hour, and 125·9 miles per hour, respectively. Upon its return to this country, and its appearance at Brooklands, it will in all probability be driven by Hornsted, who is a far better track-driver than Hemery, and, moreover, knows the Brooklands course backwards and inside out.

The Gas Companies to Save the Petrol Situation.

There would appear to be some hope for a mitigation of the petrol squeeze in the suggestions made by Mr. Henry L. Doherty, an eminent American scientist, at the Savoy Hotel on Wednesday evening last. Speaking to a party of scientists, engineers, and Press-men, the guests of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu (whose friend Mr. Doherty is), Mr. Doherty spoke at some length on the matter of the petrol famine. He suggested that, contrary to the general views held in this country, the scarcity and high price of petrol is not due to manipulation, but that the demand has really outgrown the supply. Unless, then, the supply is increased, or substitutes produced, a serious fuel-famine threatens automobilism all over the world. Even, said this gentleman, if new methods for manufacture of petrol were now developed and proven, manufacturing plants could not be established quickly enough to meet the demand. In mitigation of the impending catastrophe, Mr. Doherty suggested that the gas companies of the world could come to the rescue, and were already fairly well equipped so to do. By scrubbing town gas free from benzol vapour, benzol to the tune of 12,000,000 gallons per year could be got from the London make alone.

TOURING TALKS—No. 6.

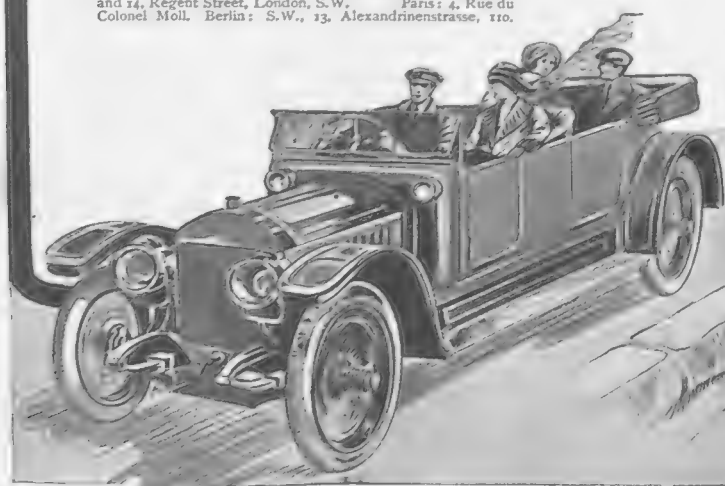
The Holyhead road, of which Llangollen (pictured here) is one of the shining gems, is known to every motor tourist worthy of the name. Not, perhaps, the whole of it, but portions of it, as running from London in a north-westerly direction it cuts England into two halves, so that there can be few who have not at least crossed it. In coaching days it was considered the very speediest of the roads, and records prove that this was so. The Holyhead Mail was timed to do the whole journey, including stoppages, at ten and a-half miles an hour, and when the hilly country from Shrewsbury onwards is taken into account this stands out as a marvellous performance for plain horse-power. So skilfully had Telford engineered this portion of the route that it was said that no horse was obliged to walk, unless it particularly wished to, between Holyhead and London. Nowadays we use Telford's splendid utilitarian work for our pleasure. His legacy remains to us, but posterity has added to it.

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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Princess Victoria Louise and Prince Ernest Augustus; Miss Hazel Agnew; "Jeux"; "Strife," at the Comedy; Miss Ella Retford; Signor Enrico Caruso; Mr. Forbes-Robertson as "Othello"; Mr. Henry Ainley as Ilam Carve; "8d. a Mile," at the Alhambra; Model Motor-Boats Cutting Viciously Through the Water; Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat; Society Engagements.

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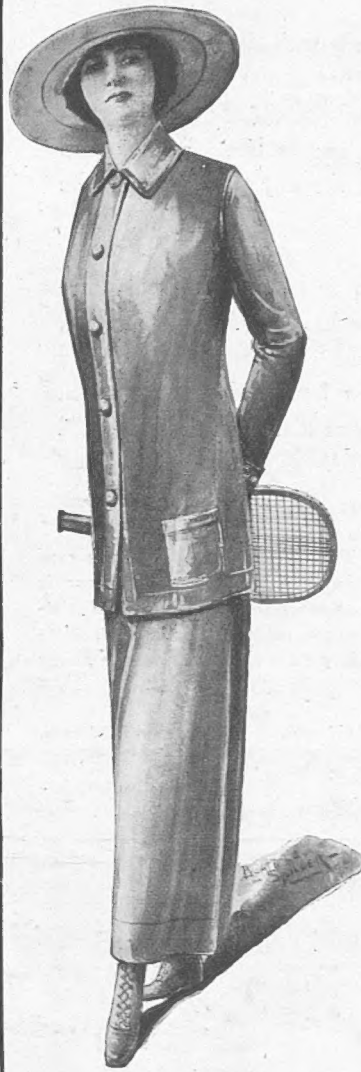
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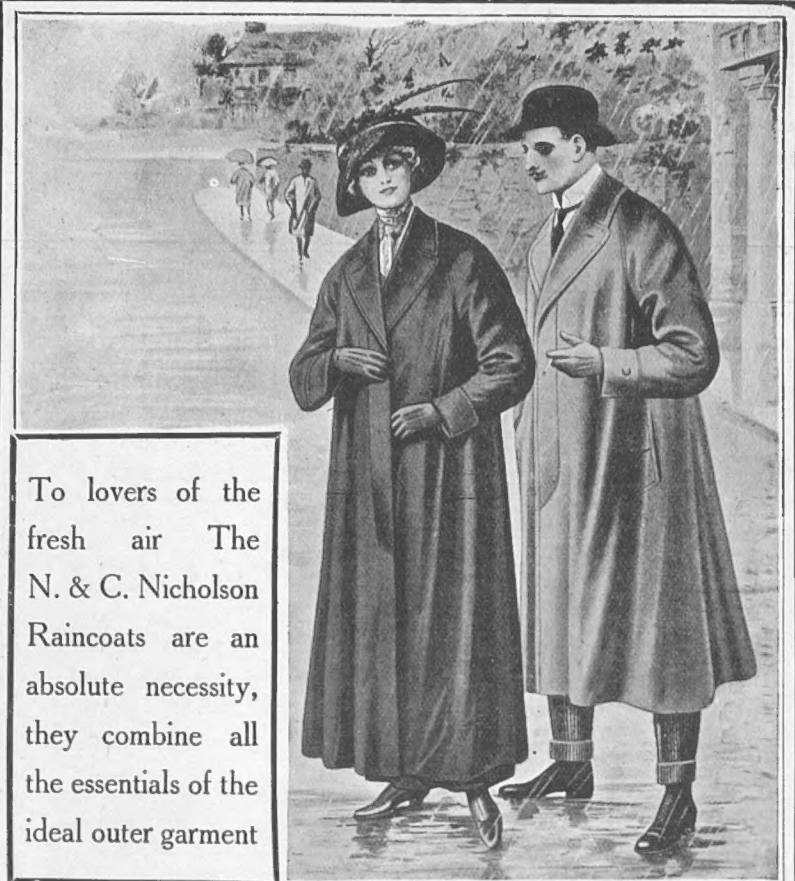
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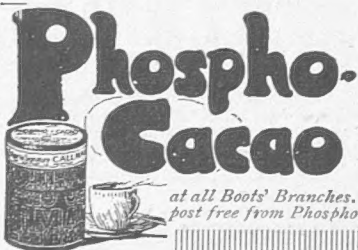
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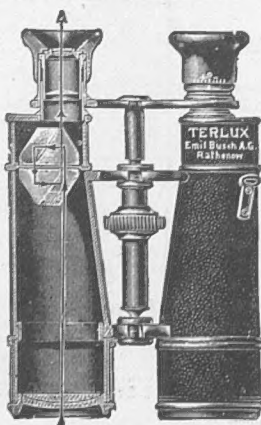
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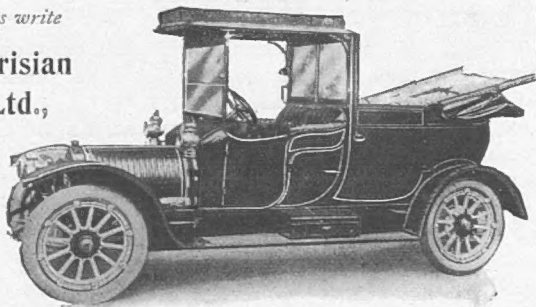
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY does "The Taming of the Shrew" in what he describes as "a new way." It is the right way. He takes it at a great pace, with but one pause for breath, without troubling about such things as illusions of reality; and this is a comforting way of doing it, for it is always pleasant to get rapidly to the end of "The Taming of the Shrew" unless there is that genius in the acting which can glorify anything. With all the goodwill in the world, one cannot use the word "genius" in relation to the acting on this occasion. Mr. Harvey is vigorous and spirited, and not too extravagantly energetic; but he is not in his element, and the rest of a long cast is adequate but undistinguished, with the exception of Mr. Charles Glenney, who is an excellent Christopher Sly. But the new way of dealing with the scenery problem is good, and the costumes are beautiful, and the dancing is merry; in short, the Elizabethan influence of Mr. William Poel is over it all, and, thanks to him, it is quite an attractive production.

A farce like "Brewster's Millions" is rather a novelty at a Melville house; but its reception at the New Prince's Theatre should encourage further experiments on the same lines. Its effects had to be broadened a little; that was natural. Mr. Percy Hutchinson, for instance, plays Brewster in the proper spirit of comedy, but on occasional solemn moments, he drops into the tone of melodrama. Yet it is a cheerful thing, and there is a pleasant air of paradox about the spending of seven hundred pounds a day when reckless speculations all persist in turning out great successes. The scene on the yacht, too, is well contrived, and the storm brings down the house.

At the Court Theatre Miss Horniman's company from Manchester has begun its London season well. Mr. Galsworthy's fantasy, "The Pigeon," we knew before. It is one of those strange and beautiful things which are never destined for long runs, and in the producing of which such companies as Miss Horniman's perform their highest function. It is a little gallery of fascinating types, whom it is good to meet; and wonderfully they are played by Mr. Brember Wills, Miss Muriel Pratt, Mr. Jules Shaw, and Mr. Francis Hope. And the philosophy of it all is so fresh, so tantalising, and so true; but if you would have vulgar popularity, the trouble of it is that the last act has carried you no further either in action or development of character than the first. There was philosophy, too, and fine acting and more of drama, in "More Respectable," a little one-act study by Mr. W. F. Casey, of the struggles of the girl who has to live and bring up a child on eight shillings a week; and Miss Mary Byron, Mrs. Albert Barker, and

Miss Muriel Pratt once again showed how good plays need never lack good players. The first week of the season was concluded by a fantasy by Mr. Frank H. Rose, called "The Whispering Well," which showed us how an honest weaver was seized with a passion for wealth and worldly honours, sold himself to the Devil, discovered that he had thereby lost all his happiness, and then woke up much relieved to find his wife and children as he left them when he fell asleep. There were two really fine pieces of acting by Mr. Jules Shaw and Miss Sybil Thorndike; but, viewed as a poetic vision, it was rather a disappointment, for it was a little too solid and never got into quite the right atmosphere. A duologue, called "Mr. Perkins' Pension," by Mr. Stanley Killby, was more humble in aim, and consequently more successful: and here Mr. Brember Wills again distinguished himself.

Mr. Norman Trevor's new venture at the Savoy, "The Seven Sisters," is a four-act farcical comedy of Hungarian origin which missed its vocation when it was born without music. Little Mici and her lieutenant captured husbands for her three elder sisters because, till they were disposed of, she could not herself be married; and as they did it, they seemed to yearn for a large chorus and a waltz. It was a rather superior little musical-comedy plot, which began well but fell away. The first capture, that of a stout Colonel for the eldest, had its amusing moments; there were also points about the second, and there was, up to this period, a certain ingenuity; but the third was in the region of musical comedy unqualified; and an excellent Hungarian dance by Mr. Trevor and Miss Laura Cowie only confirmed this impression. They both played with bright vivacity, and were received with much enthusiasm; and Mr. Edmund Maurice and Mr. Sam Sothern gave useful help. But it will not be surprising if it is found that something rather more solid is required, or at any rate, something with rather more imagination and wit.

Though we may not agree with Oliver Wendell Holmes that nothing but illusion is true, we must acknowledge the truth of at least one series of illusions. We refer to Dralle's "Illusion" Perfumes, which are true as no ordinary scents are to the flowers they represent. Nothing could more clearly affirm their insinuating charm than the many inferior imitations to which they have given rise. The charming Dralle floral essences are the original perfumes without alcohol. One drop of "Illusion" therefore imparts an enchanting fragrance of violet, lily-of-the-valley, rose, lilac, carnation, heliotrope, narcissus, or wistaria to lasting perfection, whereas the ordinary spirit quickly loses its potency.



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